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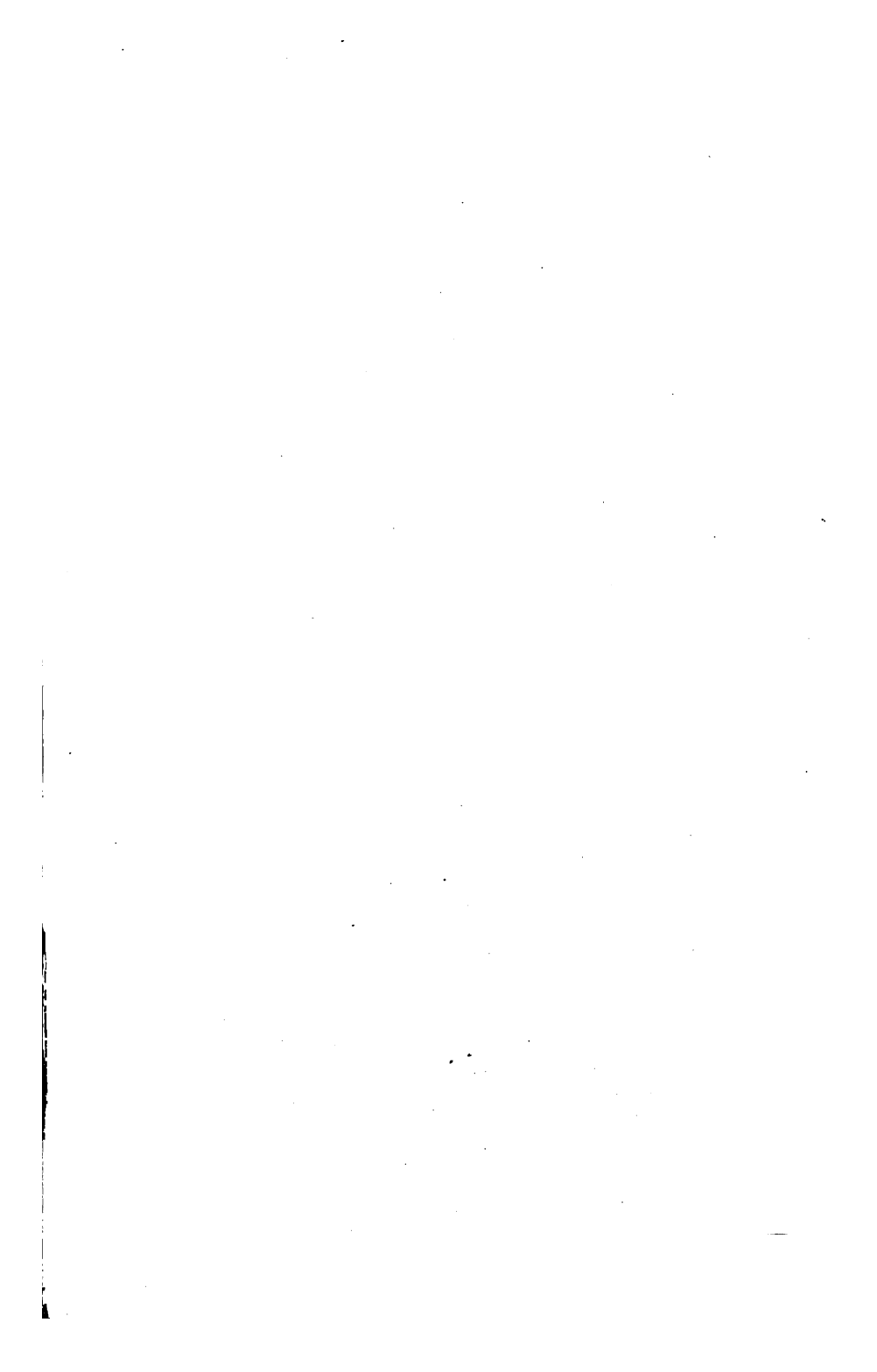
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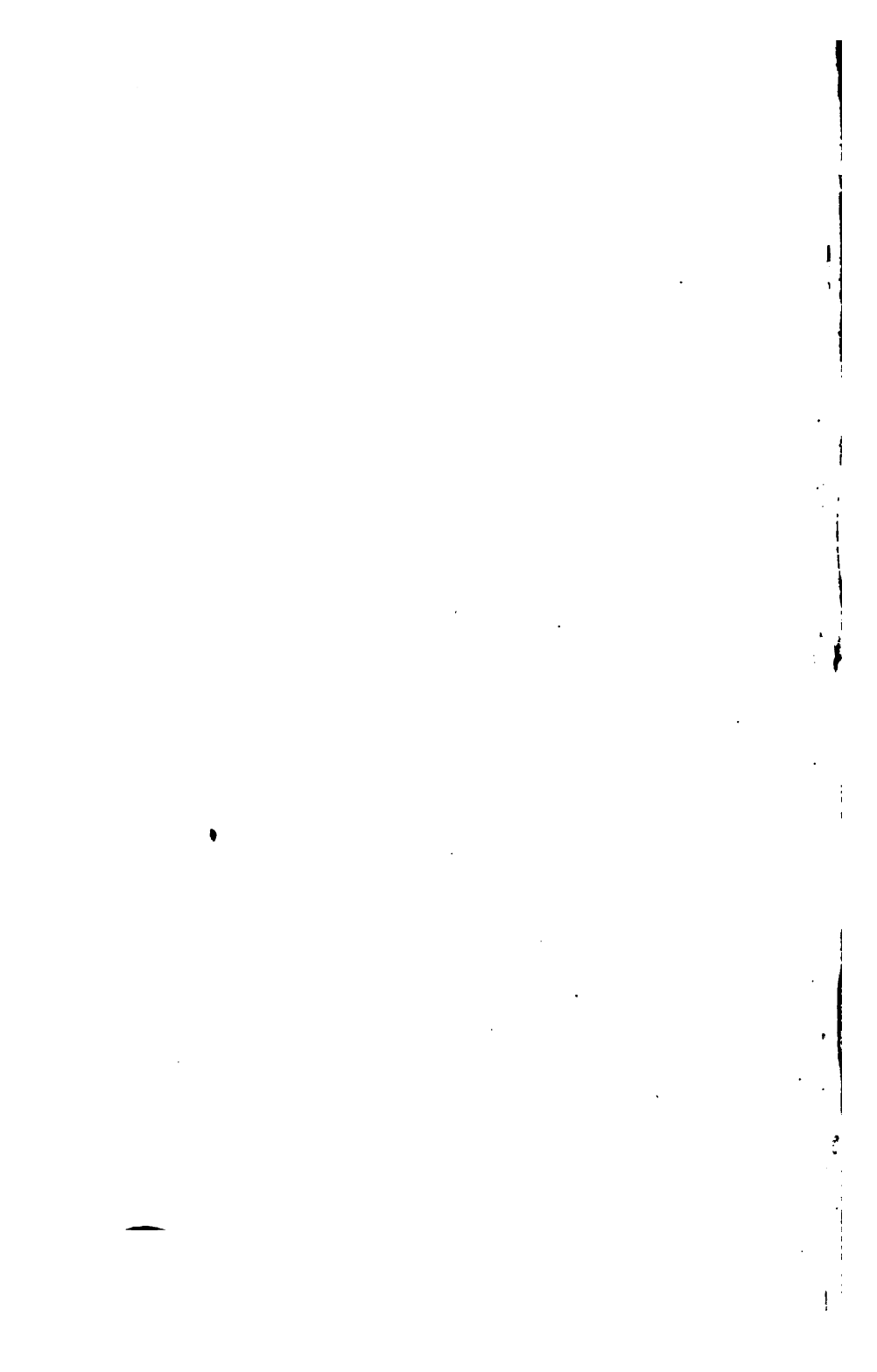
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SCENES
FROM THE
LIFE OF A SOLDIER
IN
ACTIVE SERVICE.

I. THE AUSTRIAN CAMPAIGN IN PIEDMONT,
1849:

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
F. W. HACKLÄNDER.

II. NOTICE OF THE DEFENCE OF TEMESWAR.

III. THE CAMP OF THE BAN.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1850.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE narrative of Mr. Hackländer first appeared in the shape of letters, addressed from day to day, during the Italian campaign of 1849, to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. In this anonymous and unconnected form it appeared to me worthy of communication to the English reader, and I had made some progress in collecting and translating the series, when the narrative reached me in the collective and completed shape in which it has been recently republished by its author; and from which the present translation has in consequence been prepared. I have taken some liberties in the omission of one or two official documents which have long been before the public, and of some other passages, for which, as also for occasional departures from literal and idiomatic accuracy of translation, I have to apologise to the author and possibly to my readers.

I have appended to Mr. Hackländer's Narrative of the Campaign of 1849 another notice of the same events, translated from an article, I believe by a French officer, which appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. It is also by an eye-witness, but one attached to the head-quarter of Marshal Radetsky's opponent, and who therefore enjoyed from a diametrically opposite point of view opportunities of observation analogous to those which the kindness of Marshal Radetsky afforded to Mr. Hackländer. Difference of feeling and position will be found to have produced no material discordance as to facts between the two writers, certainly none which might not arise between two gentlemen of honour and veracity placed in their respective positions. If any difference can be detected as to inferences and conclusions it will be found perhaps to consist in the importance which the latter is disposed to attribute to the conduct of the Lombard General Ramorino as a cause of the disaster which occurred to the Piedmontese arms. That commander has expiated his conduct, whether crime or error, by a traitor's death. So far as a positive disobedience of orders

in itself could deserve that terrible doom it seems clear that he deserved it. A mystery however hangs over his motives, and some doubt as to the quality and amount of his offence. In the Austrian head-quarter it was considered, as we have heard, by some, and those no mean authorities in matters of strategy, that his movement, disobedience apart, was justifiable on military grounds. He had, as is affirmed, strong reason to suppose that any collection of the Austrian troops at Pavia of which he was aware, and any movement in that quarter, was a feint to mask their real intention of crossing the Po between Pavia and Piacenza, and operating upon the right bank against Alessandria. Intelligence had reached him on the evening of the 19th that 30,000 Austrians with 47 pontoons had been collected for this purpose near Corte d'Olona and Belgioso. Upon this supposition his movement was probably the wisest which could be adopted. It would have enabled him to effect a junction with the Piedmontese division under Colonel Belvedere, which the democratic leaders in Turin, in their eagerness to commence hostilities, had not allowed General Chrzanowsky time to withdraw

from the Duchies, and with this aid he might have occupied the important pass and strong position of Stradella in the Austrian line of advance. The Austrian authorities are undoubtedly further of opinion that the Lombard division under Ramorino's command would have done little in any quarter to protract the inevitable issue, and that any attempt with such troops to make a stand in the position of La Cava, designated for such purpose in the instructions issued by General Chrzanowsky, would have involved them in destruction. These considerations, however well founded, may be totally inadequate to counterbalance the deadly military sin of positive disobedience of orders, but they may throw reasonable doubt on the imputation of cowardice or treachery which it was somewhat the interest of the Piedmontese authorities to accumulate upon the scapegoat of their own strategical blunders. It can scarcely be doubted that if General Chrzanowsky had taken into his calculations the possible importance of the position he assigned to General Ramorino, he would have placed a better man and seasoned troops to watch the bridge of Pavia

and maintain the position of La Cava. Ramorino was much mistaken if he supposed that Marshal Radetsky was about to throw himself on Alessandria, leaving the Piedmontese main army untouched on his flank and rear, but scarcely more so than General Chrzanowsky in presuming that the Austrians would fall back before him on the line of the Mincio. Between these two extremes of audacity and caution, lay another course which, adopted with the maturest deliberation and forethought, was followed out with a secrecy, rapidity, and precision of which there are few examples. It involved a general, and above all an early, battle, for Marshal Radetsky could not afford to give time to the conspirators of Lombardy to prosecute their insurrectionary schemes on his rear. It involved, however, far more than this. A battle might have been fought front to front, and won on the Lombard side of the Tessin, and the enemy might still have preserved his communications with Turin and Alessandria.

The plan of Marshal Radetsky was calculated from the first to bring that issue to trial in a position which could enable him, if successful,

to cut off that communication and to throw back the beaten army in helpless confusion on the Alps. It is well known that before the campaign of 1815 in Belgium, the Duke of Wellington had designated the position of Waterloo as the one in which a great battle might probably be fought with a French invading army. With similar prescience and precision the Austrian General Hess, before the head-quarter left Milan, foretold that the enemy would be forced to action in the neighbourhood of Novara. The confidence with which the Austrian commander relied upon his troops to make that great battle a great victory was not exaggerated or misplaced. It was founded on experience, and not on any undue misappreciation of the qualities of either army. No man knew better what all now know, that the Piedmontese army was brave, well appointed, officered by gentlemen of chivalrous courage, and among them none more chivalrous than the King and his sons. Still no sober and practical man believed that the Piedmontese, with anything like equal numbers, could prove a match in hard fighting for the seasoned and

enthusiastic troops under Marshal Radetsky's command. Those of the Piedmontese who had made the former campaign had little reason to derive spirit or confidence from their recollections. Many of the last levies were as yet imperfectly trained and officered, and there were 32,000 married men in the ranks of an army with which the war was generally unpopular. These were not elements by which any strategical deficiencies on the part of its leaders could be redeemed by hard fighting in the field, and if Marshal Radetsky had a just confidence in his own combinations, as opposed to those of General Chrzanowsky, he had at least equal reason to rely on the Hungarian bayonet and the Styrian rifle as the instruments of their execution.

Many surmises have been circulated both as to the motives of General Ramorino's conduct and as to the reasons which induced the Piedmontese Government to put him to death. One solution prevalent in Lombardy is such as could only find credence among the habitual dupes and victims of audacious mendacity. Among these it was asserted and believed that he had been bought by

Radetsky. Others have conjectured that he was in league with that extreme party headed by M. Mazzini, which, opposed to the monarchical principle in the person of Charles Albert, endeavoured from first to last to thwart his proceedings and procure his ruin. It has been supposed that having been himself a candidate for the chief command of the army, he was jealous of the preference awarded to his former companion in arms, General Chrzanowski, and that he was disgusted at being appointed to the command of such troops as the Lombard division. These theories, involving direct imputation of treason, would account well enough for a defection like that of Dumourier. They fail to explain the adoption of a course hazardous to his safety as well as to his reputation, and the absence of any attempt to escape its natural consequences at the hands of an incensed nation and government. Nothing known to the public can explain it but the supposition either of cowardice, or that he acted to the best of a judgment clouded, it may have been, and bewildered by an intimate knowledge of the utter inefficiency of the troops under his command.

With respect to his execution, it has been conjectured that those who confirmed his sentence were not altogether uninfluenced by recollections of his antecedent career, and among them of an occasion when he headed an incursion of an armed rabble of refugees into Savoy. Be all this as it may, General Ramorino will figure in all Piedmontese versions of the campaign of 1849 as the cause of every misfortune and the excuse for every blunder. He is said to have died with courage.

Mr. Hackländer is known in Germany as a military author and an Eastern traveller by some earlier works, to which he sometimes alludes in the present narrative. Of his literary merits it would be hard to judge from a loose translation, but it is hoped that even in this defective transcript of his ideas and language the spirit of his work has been preserved and its main object been promoted—that of illustrating the character and qualities of the Austrian army and its greatest living commander. The value of the results achieved in Italy and elsewhere by that army will be variously estimated by politicians of various

schools. Some there are who doubtless will see nothing to admire and every thing to deplore and depreciate in that fidelity of the soldier to his colours and to his sovereign which both in Prussia and Austria has saved the fabric of the monarchy from dissolution. Many others of less extreme opinions would gladly have witnessed the liberation of Lombardy from a government which Lombards dislike. Such may wish that valour and discipline had been employed in a cause more congenial to their own views for the happiness of mankind, without denying to the Austrian army the praise to which the exhibition of those virtues entitles it. A more brilliant exhibition of both can hardly be cited than is recorded in Mr. Hackländer's experiences, and it is clouded by no instance of rapacity or inhumanity on the part of the soldier, no insolence in success, no abuse of triumph or vindictive inhumanity on the part of its leader. It is not, however, from a brief episode of uninterrupted success, though achieved against a gallant enemy, that the true character of the Austrian army can be gathered. If we were to seek for the most pregnant illustration of the

fighting qualities of the English infantry, it is not from the fields of its most brilliant successes that we should select our evidence. We should not advert to periods when it was acting under its greatest commander and had been stimulated to confidence by his successive victories. We should rather point to the ridge of Corunna than to Vittoria or Toulouse. In like manner, in order to do full justice to the spirit of the Austrian army, we should, so far as Italy is concerned, select the campaign of 1848 in preference to that of the following year. Above all, will that justice be done when some faithful and impartial pen shall trace the events of the Hungarian civil war. Many a page of the Austrian side of that record will be dark with retreat, and loss, and discomfiture; but these shadows at their darkest will but bring out in stronger relief that endurance of every trial, that resistance to seduction, and that unshaken fidelity to the colours which has distinguished that army. The Hungarian side will furnish many instances of successes, well earned by skill in the leaders, and impetuous courage and enthusiasm in the troops of that warlike nation, but it

will exhibit no instances of devotion and endurance, of tenacious struggle with difficulties and adversity, to be weighed against the campaign of Schlick in North Hungary, the successful defence of Temeswar, or the less fortunate resistances of Arad and Buda Pesth. Of one of these, the defence of Temeswar, a short notice will be found in this volume. The transaction well deserves a more elaborate narrative from the pen of some Austrian Gleig or Drinkwater.

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TO BINDER.

The Map to be placed at the end.

SCENES

FROM THE

LIFE OF A SOLDIER ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

CAMPAIGN IN ITALY, 1849.

I.

MILAN.

WHEN formerly occupied with my literary sketches of a soldier's life in time of peace, I scarcely indulged the hope of one day witnessing the stern reality of scenes the mimic representation of which in a field manœuvre had so often delighted me; and yet, to many other blessings, possibly ill deserved, this has been added,—the spectacle, not only of war, but of a complete campaign, and of a well-contested battle, and this on that plain of Lombardy, the theatre of so many great operations. In March of 1849, it became evident, by a multitude of indications, that the armistice produced by

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the Austrian successes in Italy of the preceding year had not ripened into a peace ; and that, on the contrary, the old Marshal Radetsky's star, which had shone so steadily through the night of Austria's misfortunes, would have to guide her legions to fresh victories. With what enthusiasm on the part of Germany—with what interest on that of Europe at large—had the accounts of his Transalpine achievements been received, at moments when treason and political frenzy were elsewhere in the ascendant ! The grey-haired veteran, in whose name, as in a talisman, was concentrated the strength of the army, at a crisis when the fortunes of his country seemed at their lowest ebb, had suddenly converted retreat and apparent discomfiture into irresistible onset. The promise of better days had been given at Curtatone and Custozza, Somma Campagna and Vicenza. That promise was kept when the old man, on his grey horse, rode through the Porta Orientale of Milan, followed by an army worn with the fatigues, but exulting in the successes of an arduous campaign.

There were few of the officers of that victorious host who had then at their disposal any thing beyond their sword and the uniform they wore on their backs. The soldier's cloak was in tatters,

and there were more feet than shoes to every regiment. Father Radetsky, however, well knew that his children would find means and leisure, in the winter-quarters of prosperous Lombardy, to bring their outward appearance back into keeping with their inward spirit. And so it happened. The Provisional Government, which had wasted much, had left enough behind to re-clothe and otherwise renovate the Austrian forces. Not that a lire had been left in the coffers of the state; the revolutionary brooms had swept too clean for that. Father Radetsky, however, is a man of resources; and before the winter had well set in, the wants of his family had been supplied in all essentials. Many fables, indeed, have been invented and circulated, of extensive confiscations and oppressive exactions, of magnificent palaces of the Milanese nobility converted into barracks and hospitals, and abandoned to the destructive licence of the soldiery. Of all this there is nothing true, at least in the sense in which the tale is told. It has been concocted or believed only by those to whom it was an object or a satisfaction to vilify the great commander. Posterity will do justice to the man who, in saving a country and a crown to his own sovereign, has propped and strengthened the throne of many another.

I must request my readers not to expect, from the following pages, a scientific narrative of the Italian campaign of the spring of 1849. I can but give sketches of what I witnessed and experienced, and these shall be as faithful as I can make them.

I left Stuttgart, in heavy rain, in the evening of the 8th March, and had, at the outset, a struggle with the lingering power of a Swabian winter. On the high ground above Ulm the cold was severe, and between Kempten and Lindau the snow was several feet in depth. I suffered some inconvenience from the enormous size and singular abdominal protuberance of my opposite neighbour in the carriage. At length I was awakened from a doze by what I imagined was the fall of the monster upon myself. "Excuse me," said the traveller. "Have the goodness, then," I replied, "to take back your stomach." "It is not my stomach, Sir; it is only my portmanteau, which, for the sake of warmth, I had placed there, and buttoned my cloak over it."

At Chur, a place in the diligence was taken by a young Italian, who seemed to be of a respectable family. He had been passing some time in Baden and Switzerland, had learned a little German, and profited in other respects by his travels. He

exhibited a broad-brimmed hat and red feather, and a long pipe, with a portrait of the great Hecker on its bowl. I conjectured that the young man, who was from Bergamo, had been implicated in the revolt of the former year, and that his expatriation had been not altogether voluntary. Passport or papers he avowed that he possessed none. He professed his belief that his country was on the eve of great events, and his intention to risk his own life and fortune on the issue. In his position there was nothing I could condemn in this; but he was less admirable in his propensity to believe and to circulate the most terrific and absurd anecdotes of the Austrians, the falsity of which I was able, in most instances, to demonstrate to his satisfaction. In these cases he contented himself with replying, that if the Austrians had not done this or that, they might very well have done it. My friend, though none of the wisest, appeared to me nevertheless at bottom a good fellow.

In Splugen winter reigned in all its majesty. We found ready at the post-house a number of small sledges—a species of conveyance to which, indeed, we had already had recourse for a short space of the journey near Andeer. On these we now pursued our journey over the mountain, fa-

voured by the finest weather. The sledge road was smooth, and we soon reached the Austrian custom-house. In Splugen we had been joined by another Italian, an elderly, grey-haired man. The conductor informed me that he was from Brescia, and that he had been travelling to and fro for a week, between Splugen and the summit of the pass, without venturing to cross the Lombard frontier, being without a passport, and probably one of those who had not yet trusted to the invitation of Radetsky to return home on the assurance of a complete amnesty.

The old patriot and the young soon understood each other, and held long conversations, in which the German barbarians were scurvily handled. The old man was full of hopes of a speedy change of circumstances, and, I am well persuaded, was at this time privy to preparations for the subsequent unhappy revolt of his native town.

Excepting the icy blasts from the gorges of the Splugen, which drifted the loose snow in our faces like fine dust, I found the sledge travelling highly agreeable. They are drawn each by one horse, and those in rear of the first follow their predecessor, without giving any trouble for their guidance, and without any sense of insecurity to the

traveller, although the track is narrowed by snow, and the turnings are sharp and numerous.

The Austrian custom-house stands in the dreariest and loneliest of gorges. I can imagine no gloomier residence—ten months of scarcely interrupted winter, and usually from eight to ten feet of snow around. It is, however, an interesting spot; for he who reaches it will have gained the highest crest of the ridge, and from it he will descend to the gardens of Italy.

My two Italians had obtained at Splugen an official paper, referring them to the police department of Chiavenna, which was to be charged with their further conveyance homeward. They were treated here with more civility than I had expected for them. The duty of visiting our effects was also discharged with as much consideration and forbearance as possible by the frontier authorities.

Our descent was rapid, and we reached Chiavenna towards 10 P. M. By 11 we were again on the road, the flattest and best in the world, but with the worst horses, a worse postilion, and a conductor worst of all. The carriage was a six-seated engine of torture, with a cabriolet, in which the conductor resigned himself to slumber unbroken by a thought for the world at large, or his

passengers in particular. At the first station all our faculties were summoned in aid of the post-master to wake this individual to the exercise of his functions.

- * I could not omit to draw, for the benefit of my Italian patriots, comparisons between the service of the post, on this and the other side of the mountain, to the advantage of the Swiss and German barbarians. They acknowledged the truth of them by curses loud and long on the eternal delays of every Italian station. There is, perhaps, no district in Italy in which the service is worse performed than on this magnificent line of road to Milan.

The first gleams of dawn displayed to us the rich fields of Lombardy; and when the sun cleared the horizon, it gleamed on the marble spire and pinnacles of the Duomo.

My two companions, the younger of whom had disappeared while we changed horses at Lecco, the other continuing his journey to Milan, had entertained me, during the journey, with terrific pictures of the state of Lombardy and its capital. To believe them, the younger especially, Milan was a desert, a heap of rubbish, peopled only with rabble, and deserted by every one else from dread

of the Austrian reign of terror. The facts, however, did not confirm this description.

The morning was splendid as we approached the city. The burst of an Italian spring arrayed the scene in beauty. Rural occupation was rife, as I remembered it of old, in the fields; the bells from the village spires rung out their morning peal as formerly. As we neared the Porta Orientale, we could detect no traces of the ravage of war. About the Porta Romana such traces are indeed visible; but even there I saw nothing resembling a heap of rubbish, though some of the adjacent houses had suffered.

After four days' and nights' continuous travelling, I was glad enough to alight in comfortable quarters at the Hotel Reichman. I gave the day and following night to repose, and woke thoroughly refreshed, and prepared to pursue the objects of my journey.

II.

THE ARMISTICE DENOUNCED.

IN the streets of the town the same bustle prevailed which I had ever observed there. The inhabitants pursued their occupations: omnibuses rattled over the pavement; the only novelty was the greater number of Austrian officers, partly resulting from the greater accumulation of troops, and partly from the circumstance that all officers now appeared in uniform, contrary to their former practice. Milan was neither more lifeless nor more lively than of old. It had only been abandoned by some of the great families, who, after spending their money in fomenting insurrection, and seducing thousands of the humbler classes to their ruin, had, on the return of the *barbarians*, left their deluded followers in the lurch. In the memorable five days of the "great revolution," the principal part had been played by an incredible number of strangers and by a rabble, partly hired, and partly attracted by hope of spoil to the fray. Of these many still remained, giving trouble enough to the authorities, till they

made themselves amenable to justice for concealing arms, levying recruits, or seducing to forbidden practices. Here, as in Germany, were to be seen a number of sinister countenances, which seen wherever they may be, here, in Prussia, Suabia, or Bavaria, present a singular family likeness.

The class of respectable citizens, as well as that of the peasants who earned their bread by the sweat of their brow, never favoured or took part in the insurrection. Its numerical force consisted of the Proletariat, anxious to break down the barriers of law and right, not for the sake of freedom, but of licence and plunder. Strangely enough, the agitators were mostly of the noble class, large proprietors, princes, and counts, ambitious of great parts in the drama. Their residences are now in military occupation; that is to say, inasmuch as they have declined to accept repeated summonses to return home, their palaces have been allotted as quarters for the officers, who make themselves as comfortable as may be in the state apartments. In the streets I observed, as I have said, nothing unusual, except here and there groups collected to read some new proclamation, or to talk politics under their breath. Reports had just arrived of the dissolution of the Kremsler

Diet and of the proclamation of an *octroyé* constitution, but nothing was yet known for certain. It was believed that the well disposed, and there were still many of this class, would hail the constitution with satisfaction, should it confirm their expectation that it would be just and liberal, and would exhibit a due regard to the various nationalities of the empire.

For the special object of my journey nothing was more essential than good recommendations to superior officers of the Italian army. With such, however, I was totally unprovided. I knew these military notabilities only by name. I had once, long ago, seen Field-Marshal Radetsky in command on a parade in Milan. I had also formerly made some friendships and acquaintances among the Austrian officers, one of whom, Count Gustavus R., I now endeavoured to find. When I had known him he had resided in the great building near the Scala, occupied by the engineer corps, and I retained a lively recollection of many pleasant hours there passed in his society.

During the long years of a peace which then seemed interminable, the count had passed the greater portion of his service in Milan, and had devoted to science and the arts the time which he could spare from his professional duties. He had

travelled much and far, and had accumulated many memorials of his journeys in the shape of pictures, engravings, weapons, and manuscripts, which he had arranged with much taste in his quarters. His acquaintance was sought by most strangers of any eminence in art or literature who visited Milan, and the guest whom his hospitality admitted to his evening circle was sure to find round his tea-table the best samples of intellectual cultivation the city contained at the moment. The count, at the commencement of the insurrection, was called away to the staff of General d'Aspre. He left his valued collection, not to see it again. The populace stormed the engineer quarters, and destroyed what they did not steal. He found, on his return, of his pleasant residence nothing but the four walls remaining. The lot of most of the Austrian officers at that time quartered in Milan has been the same. Plate, however, and furniture may be replaced by money; but a picture, a weapon, or a MS., with its associations cannot be replaced by purchase.

In the same building, and near the count, resided, at the former time in question, a Lieutenant Eberhardt, of the Kaiser Jägers, a Westphalian, who had done me the honour to take in affection my publication, "The Sketches of a Soldier's Life

in Time of Peace." These two were the only persons now in Milan with whom I had any acquaintance.

I immediately sought out the count, and found him somewhat more serious than of old, in virtue of recent events, but friendly and courteous as ever. His breast had received an additional decoration in the Order of Leopold, gained, as I heard from every one, by distinguished bravery and talent in the last campaign.

I informed him on my first visit that the object of my journey was, in case of hostilities with Sardinia, to supply accurate accounts of the achievements of the Austrian army to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. He replied that, for this purpose, an introduction to the head-quarter of Field-Marshal Radetsky was essential, and added, "Shall we apply to the adjutant-general—Major Eberhardt? You remember him, our friend who lived next door to myself."

I had already heard of a Major Eberhardt who had much influence with the field-marshal, but it had never occurred to me that he could be one and the same with my old acquaintance. I had read some excellent productions of his pen, and had pictured to myself a stout and elderly gentleman of mature years as their author. In our ser-

vice, where advancement is so slow, we find it difficult to conceive the idea of a young major. I soon discovered that things are otherwise in the Italian army. The campaign of last year had made many vacancies in the higher grades of the army, which had, for the most part, been filled up by a younger generation. Count R., by whom I had the good fortune to be presented at this visit to the brave young Archduke Albert, soon to be distinguished at Mortara and Novara, now conveyed me to the head-quarter.

Field-Marshal Radetsky was at this time established in the small palace of the Villa Reale, formerly the villa of the vice-king, which, however, the latter only used as a quarter to alight at when he came in from Monza to Milan. It was built by Prince Belgioso, and is also called Villa, Buonaparte. It had formerly been little visited by travellers, for it contained no treasures of art, and the building itself has no attraction, except some good bas-reliefs, which decorate the garden front. It stands beyond the Corso and the public garden, quiet and secluded from the tumult of the city, but was now itself a centre of the busiest animation. It will hereafter be an object of pilgrimage to many who will seek the rooms once inhabited by the field-marshal, and the window

from which he so often enjoyed the aspect of that quiet garden.

On the occasion of my visit with Count R. the villa bore the appearance of a small camp. Officers of every arm thronged the entrance, orderlies were arriving and departing, horses stood ready saddled in the court, and the clang of the heavy cavalry sabre and the monotonous tread of the sentries resounded on stairs and passages.

The guard was composed of Hungarian grenadiers. Some of the redmantles were also on duty at the door, almost entirely Oriental in their equipment—red jackets, wide blue trowsers fastened at the knee, pistols and yataghan in the girdle.

Major Eberhardt, fortunately for me, was indeed the friend I had known and esteemed, older indeed by some years, but cheerful, friendly, and ready to do all in his power to meet my wishes, which were imparted to him by Count R. I made here also the acquaintance of Colonel Schlitter, adjutant-general to the field-marshal, a man who at the age of thirty-six had raised himself to this high military rank by his professional attainments, great energy, and manifold aptitude. He was of great service to me during my subsequent association with the head-quarters. Without his aid I should have missed much worthy to be seen and

experienced. These two gentlemen inhabited the lower story of the Villa Reale. Their rooms were separated by several offices, in which young soldiers of every arm were constantly employed as clerks. Eberhardt had, in addition to his ordinary duties, charge of a portion of the correspondence of the field-marshal.

I have a pleasant recollection of the hours passed in these apartments, and of the breakfasts I shared in them. Every thing is now changed. Eberhardt is now in Verona, attached to the staff of the general there commanding. Some of my acquaintances are with the army in Florence, Ancona, Mestre, and at last in Venice. Hungary has also received its contingent from Italy. I had soon the honour and advantage to become acquainted with the chief of the head-quarter staff, Lieutenant-General Hess, as also with the adjutant-general, Lieutenant-General Schönhals, and experienced the greatest kindness from these two distinguished men.

General Hess is about sixty years of age, lean, and of small stature, with very expressive eyes and much animation of speech and gesture. Intense application to his extensive functions makes him habitually taciturn; but when he does engage in a conversation, he brings to it an animation and

intelligence which carry conviction with them. More is to be gained in an hour from him than in a year from many another.

Hess, a military star of the first magnitude, is chief of the department of secret operations, the office of which adjoins his rooms in the first story of the Villa Reale. I am indebted to one of its *employés*, Major Langwieler, for many valuable communications.

General Schönhals is also about sixty years of age, thin and tall, of noble aspect and features. His appearance would be considered youthful but for the snowy whiteness of his hair. His carriage is calm and steady, his language choice and measured, with much humour. His ordinary conversation would be worth taking down and printing. His proclamations and general orders, notorious for the poetic beauty of their composition, and for their adaptation to the feelings of the army, flow from him with wonderful facility. I have seen entire pages of manuscript penned by him in a clear and decided hand, which scarcely required the most trivial corrections when read over. He is first adjutant-general of the field-marshal, and the personal service of the whole army rests in his hands.

My arrival at Milan coincided as exactly as I

could desire with the great events which I aspired to witness. On the day after my arrival, the 12th of March, about 2 o'clock, a Piedmontese major reached the head-quarter, the bearer of the following despatch: —

“The governments of his majesty the king of Sardinia to the commander of the Austrian troops in Italy.

“Although the armistice concluded on the 9th of August, 1848, between the Sardinian and Austrian armies had not been ratified by the authorities of the Sardinian state, and that it only bears the character of a military and temporary arrangement, all its conditions affecting the Sardinian army have nevertheless been faithfully observed; the Austrian authorities have, on the contrary, from the first infringed, and continue to infringe, the stipulations which, in virtue of agreement, they stood bound to fulfil.

“Among these infringements we specify as the most glaring: —

“1. The withholding the surrender of half the artillery park of Peschiera.

“2. The occupation of the duchies, military and political.

“3. The besieging of Venice by land and sea, and other hostilities practised against that city.

“ 4. The persecutions of every kind, in place of the protection guaranteed in Article 5. by the imperial governments to persons and property in the districts evacuated by the Sardinian troops. All reclamation and remonstrance against these infractions have remained fruitless. This obstinate denial of redress falls the more to the charge of the imperial government, inasmuch as General Hess, second quarter-master-general, on the 1st of October, made an official declaration to the effect ‘that military frankness and loyalty would without hesitation have regard to the reclamations of the Sardinian war minister, but that Field-Marshal Radetsky found himself compelled against his will, as responsible organ of his government, to observe the regulations of the Vienna cabinet.’ The Austrian government had, however, acted in a spirit contrary to the declared end of the armistice, which was the opening of negotiations for a peace. 1st. By returning no answer to the urgent proposals of the mediating powers for the arrangement of a conference. 2nd. By declaring a determination to abide by the treaties of 1815, a declaration at variance with the project and fundamental conditions of the proposed mediation. 3rd. By omitting to send a representative to Brussels, whither those of England, France, and Sar-

denia betook themselves to no purpose. On these grounds the government of his majesty the king of Sardinia holds and declares itself as no longer bound by, and altogether released from, the aforesaid armistice of Aug. 9. 1848, and only in conscientious observance of the rules of honour gives notice in the name and by order of the king of the termination of the same. This declaration will be this day, March 12., delivered to Marshal Count Radetsky, commander of the Austrian troops in Italy, at his head-quarter in Milan. Turin, March 12. 1849."

Simultaneously with the above appeared the following order of the day, addressed to the Piedmontese army: —

"Soldiers!—The days of our repose from arms are over; our wishes are heard. Charles Albert returns to the head of your brave ranks. The armistice is denounced, and the days of glory to the Piedmontese arms will commence anew. Soldiers!—The moment is of highest import; hasten to a contest which will be one of assured victory; hasten to follow the example of your princes, who will fight at your side, the call of your king, who will lead you, and show to Europe that you are not only the bulwark of Italy, but the reasserters of her rights. At the approach of your arms the

oppressed population will change their voice of complaint for a shout of exultation, and your liberated brothers will fly to your embrace to share the joy of your triumph. Soldiers! the greater the energy of your onset the more rapid will be your victory, the earlier your return, crowned with laurels, to the peace of your homes, proud of a free, an independent, and a prosperous native land.

“ Head-quarter Alessandria, 14th of March, 1848.

“ The Lieut.-General, Major-General of the army,

CHYZANOWSKY.”

According to the contents of these documents the Austrians had already broken the armistice, but the Spoda d' Italia did not trouble himself to furnish the proofs of this assertion. It is impossible to convey an idea of the joy with which the marshal received this despatch and communicated it to his officers. The intelligence ran like wild-fire through the villa till it reached the soldiers, who received it with an acclamation such as would have suited their entry into Turin. In the streets the officers mustered in groups, and exclaimed, as they met with friends or acquaintances, “ Have

you heard? — God be praised! — he has denounced!” It was an enthusiasm which no pen can describe, and which increased as the despatch became known.

The Piedmontese messenger left the villa in such haste that he entirely forgot to obtain an acknowledgment of the receipt of his despatch, and was obliged to return for one. He declined an invitation to dinner.

Towards evening of this memorable day, the court of the villa became filled with thousands of military. The garden was illuminated. Six regimental bands, followed by a host of soldiers, marched into the court to give the marshal a serenade, their thanks for the *ortroyé* constitution, and for the marshal's kindness in undertaking to lead them to Turin. “Turin,” they said, “must be taken. Father Radetsky has said it, and what he says is as good as done.”

Thundering vivats rent the air; and when at last the old man came out on the balcony, and spoke a few words to his children, many were in tears. I have heard many serenades and many vivats, but never any like this. Such an army must conquer.

After the serenade, the bands marched through the streets, playing marches and the national

hymn, followed by thousands of soldiers linked arm in arm — a promiscuous conjunction of all arms and all races. The tramp of their nocturnal march resounded in the streets ; and the inmates of the houses, opening their windows, looked out in curious astonishment, wondering what the strange procession could mean. It halted at the corners of the streets to repeat a thundering vivat for Radetsky.

The third and last act of this festive drama was played out in the Scala. After the first act of the opera, that theatre, till then empty, was filled with officers. The national hymn of Austria was called for, and the vast edifice resounded with Haydn's glorious strains, and the words "Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser."

III.

FATHER RADETSKY.

YOU may imagine my anxiety for nearer acquaintance with the soul of the army, the field-marshal. I had already seen him for a moment, as he rode out, in advance of his staff, at a hand gallop, with an upright and with a firm seat. I was punctual to the hour fixed for my audience, and was presented by Major Eberhardt. The marshal inhabits the first floor of the villa, a suite of spacious rooms, furnished with taste, but without splendour. His personal effects, plate, glass, furniture, had been almost entirely plundered at the time of his retreat from Milan. In an ante-chamber next the billiard-room, we found two Sereschaners and some orderly officers, of whom two are constantly in attendance. Major E. submitted some papers for signature, and then desired me to enter.

The marshal stood in a window, with a sheet of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* in his hand. His stature may be called diminutive, and appears the more so from a tendency to corpulence. His features, the eyes excepted, bear the marks of his

advanced age; but his movements, his gait, his voice, are those of an active man of fifty.

With the amiability which belongs to him, he stepped forward, and gave me his hand. "Friend Eberhardt," he said, "has informed me of your desire to furnish to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* faithful reports of the approaching campaign. It has my entire concurrence. We have no desire to be praised where we do not deserve it; but my brave officers and soldiers will afford you occasion to witness something worth relating."

He then added that the *Allgemeine* had often contained incorrect reports of him and his actions; "but," he continued, in its excuse, "the fact is, one must be on the spot to learn the truth, and for this purpose I am happy to invite you to join the head-quarter. Eberhardt will make the necessary arrangements." This conversation then turned upon German politics, and in particular upon the King of Würtemberg, for whom, as a sovereign and a soldier, he entertains the highest respect. I have observed this feeling among all the older officers of the Austrian army, and among such of the younger as have given their attention to military science and history. I found every where among them the opinion that, if events should place the king at the head of a great army, he would

confirm, in his mature age, the reputation he acquired as Crown Prince. The old man was sensibly affected when I delivered to him a message from the king, with some allusion to the distracted state of my country. "He is one of my favourite comrades," said the marshal. "Companionship on the field of battle is never to be forgotten." I left the marshal, with the impression of having passed through, in this interview, one of the most interesting passages of my life. The Sereschaners in the ante-room looked graciously on me as I passed out. They attributed some extraordinary merit to one who had held so long a conversation with their father.

On the same day appeared the following address to the army, which was received with the enthusiasm it deserved. The grenadier battalion of the regiment Franz Karl, Hungarians, greeted it with a thundering "eljen," embraced each other, and carried about on their shoulders such of their comrades as were decorated for former actions. The streets were alive with rejoicing military, presenting a contrast to the whispering groups of the populace, some foreboding the issue, and some secretly rejoicing in the conviction that the Spada d'Italia would this time put a speedy end to the dominion of the barbarians.

(*Order of the Day.*)

Head-quarter. Milan, March 12. 1849.

“Soldiers, — Your warmest wishes are fulfilled. The enemy has denounced the armistice. Once more he stretches out his hand to the crown of Italy, to learn that six months have produced no change in your courage, your fidelity, or your love for your emperor and king. When, after issuing from the gates of Verona, you hastened from victory to victory, till you drove the enemy back over his own frontier, you generously accorded him an armistice, because, as he said, he wished to negotiate for peace. Instead, however, of this, he has prepared again for war. Be it so; we also are prepared, and the peace we once offered we will now compel within the walls of his own capital. Soldiers, the struggle will be short; our enemy is the same you overthrew at Santa Lucia, at Somma Campagna, at Custozza, at Volta, and before the walls of Milan. God is with us; for our cause is just. Up, once more, and follow your veteran commander to battle and to victory. I shall be witness of your actions; and it will be the last act of my fortunate soldier's life to decorate, if I may, within the capital of a treacherous enemy, the breasts of my brave comrades with the

well-earned testimonials of their courage. Forward, then, soldiers; 'to Turin' is our watchword; there lies the peace for which we fight. Long live the emperor; long live our country."

At the moment when the armistice was thus denounced, the representatives of France and England pointed out to Charles Albert how feeble were his chances of success in the step he was taking. "Gentlemen," he replied, "the war is the wish of the nation. I must submit to its desire, or expose my crown to hazard. I begin this war to escape a republic. If you, gentlemen, cannot engage on behalf of your governments to guarantee me my throne, I can no longer delay to adopt the last resource which remains to me — war."

The Prince of Savoy did not disdain, at a moment when the defeat of the barbarians was announced as certain, to endeavour to organise insurrection in their rear, and for this purpose flung the following firebrand into the Lombardo-Venetian provinces: —

"We, Eugene of Savoy, &c., in virtue of the full powers committed to us by the Secretary of State for the Interior, and with regard to the Lombard Consulta and its assent, have ordered and order: 1. The levy, *en masse*, of all the popu-

lation of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces capable of bearing arms. The same has to present itself forthwith to the military authorities, or, in their default, to the syndic of each district, in order to be enrolled. 2. The authorities will appoint for every one the place of rendezvous for the service he will be called on to perform, according to instructions to be circulated. 3. Every one who, within five days after publication of this decree, does not enrol himself and appear at the place appointed, will be considered a deserter, and as such subject to the usual penalties. 4. No other excuse than bodily incapacity will be admitted. All alleging this exemption must present their proofs within five days to the commissioners to be established.

EUGENE OF SAVOY
RATAZZI."

Turin, March 17. 1849.

IV.

PREPARATIONS FOR A CAMPAIGN.

THE last days which preceded hostilities were restless days for the army. All its component parts, from the marshal down to the drummer, and even to animals and inanimate objects, horses and carriages, were in unceasing activity. The two latter articles are of much importance on such occasions to the officer, who cannot, like the soldier, carry his necessaries in a knapsack. If I am not mistaken, every staff-officer in the Austrian army has a right to take a carriage on service, which is generally drawn by two horses and heavily loaded. Inasmuch, however, as he generally uses for this purpose the same vehicle which he has used in time of peace, it often happens that weak springs and heavy baggage assort ill together, and that a single day's march is sufficient to put his conveyance *hors de combat*. A couple of baggage horses cannot, indeed, convey so much as a two-horse carriage, but are preferred by many officers, partly as less liable to such accidents, and partly as more active and certain in their movements. They can insinuate themselves through

the obstacles of a road covered with troops, when a carriage can only form part of a slow and interrupted procession. For my own part, I have learned in the East to know the value of a good baggage horse. For both purposes there was now a run upon the horse-dealers of Milan, and in many localities might be seen horses undergoing trial for the saddle or for draught.

My own equipment for the approaching campaign became a matter of urgent consideration, and I betook myself to my friend Major Eberhardt. I found his room, usually so well arranged, in the height of a disorder incident to packing and arrangement, not only of his own effects, but of the papers of his office. In addition to this the ante-room was filled with applicants of all kinds and degrees, and of both sexes, for I am speaking of civilians as well as military, pensioners, soldiers' widows, all pressing for increase or advance of their small stipends.

The head-quarter, lively enough before, was now a perfect beehive on the point of swarming. Below, in the personal chancellerie, were officers of all arms, applicants for advancement, change of appointment, &c. Hussars and courier Jägers clattered into the court on foaming steeds, and delivered their despatches to Colonel Schlitter, who

was at this time in perpetual requisition. I have seen him literally up to the ankles in torn letter covers, some of them with the full titles of the field-marshal occupying ten or twelve lines of calligraphy.

On the first floor in the office for secret operations the scene was also animated, but less public and tumultuous than below, and the field-marshal occasionally was visible, walking to and fro, his hands behind his back, or standing in a window in close conversation with General Hess. The bearers of the more important despatches arrived usually in carriages, and the officers of the general staff hastened hither and thither with papers. The head was above, the hand with the sword below. The head, in perfect calm, was conceiving great plans for the hand to execute.

I had to venture with men so busy on a modest question as to my own measures for associating myself with the head-quarter. Eberhardt's reply was short, but satisfactory. "Do you imagine that after the field-marshal has invited you to join us you will not be taken care of? Take this note to its address, and tell the party that you are the author of an immortal work, of which he is aware, and trust to him for the rest." I took the paper,

and proceeded in search of the man acquainted with my immortal work.

The guard-room which I passed through was a tableau from Wallenstein's camp. A gigantic corporal was addressing an oration to his comrades, which, being in pure Hungarian, left me none the wiser. The soldiers' sloping bedstead was covered with packed knapsacks and rolled cloaks; and yellow-faced Croats were chaffering with comrades and dealers for articles of provision for march and battle.

The superscription of my note was for Count Forgatsch, chief of the Staff Dragoons. I found his residence, but he was not at home, and I returned to the streets to loiter there. They were like a camp, but many inhabitants were in groups round the doors of the coffee-houses, swallowing with eagerness reports from Piedmont. The name of Chrzanowsky was often repeated with expressions of confidence in his talents.

Strangers resident in Milan, and especially Germans, who were pretty numerous, looked anxious, and evidently disturbed at the prospect of the departure of the military. A number of families, and among them several Italian, took measures for leaving the city. So many equipages, not destined for a mere turn on the Corso,

had seldom been seen in the streets. Carriages, heavily laden, stood before many doors. It was evident enough that the marshal could not afford to leave any considerable detachment in the city. The conduct of the populace during the memorable five days was fresh in the recollection of citizens, whose houses had then been in mob occupation. A regular insurrection, on the model of 1848, was scarcely to be feared, as the heads of the movement were in exile, and many others who had abetted it had repented the experiment. If, however, the so-called Barabbi, or Proletaires, should make an attempt at a Communistic explosion, a garrison of some 4000 men would be very insufficient to secure the peace of the city, as it could not venture to leave the castle and engage in a street fight. Those who were able, therefore, took care to leave the city. The great doors of the houses were fast closed, and usually barricaded with casks, stones, and beams, and sometimes the rough trunk of a tree was laid across from wall to wall to serve as a gigantic bolt.

Those who knew Milan before the revolution will recollect the appearance which the castle and its vicinity then presented ; less, indeed, with reference to the castle itself, remnant as it is of the old fortress of the Visconti, than with respect to the

pleasant shade of the tall trees of the open space adjacent, and the retreat they afforded from the hot glare of the streets. Young and old used to betake themselves here for amusement and refreshment of body and mind: the old, to saunter and sit; the young, to pursue the sports of childhood. How altered now! In directing my steps to this quarter I thought I had lost my way, seeking, as I did, in vain to discern the green summits of the remembered trees. The sounds of ambulant bands of music were exchanged for the clang of the axe and the grating of the saw, effecting the destruction which became sadly visible as I approached. The greater part of the trees were already felled, and the process was in progress with the remainder. The field-marshal had no choice. Compelled to leave behind him a small garrison in a large town for the most part disaffected, he was bound to provide for the safety of his soldiers. The castle was their only stronghold. Before the gate which opens on the city a small lunette had been constructed and armed with heavy guns. In case of an attack the thick stems of the trees would have afforded an excellent shelter, from which tirailleurs might have annoyed the gunners of the castle. The clearing of the glacis was a military necessity. *Tu l'as voulu, George Daudin!*

I returned to the Corso in bad spirits. An old tree is to me a sacred monument. I felt, before the campaign had begun, as if I had traversed a field of battle before its corpses were buried. I met in the Corso with several officers of my acquaintance, occupied in making their last arrangements. Some were standing near a handsome carriage, to which two horses were harnessed for trial. An officer in a uniform, as yet unknown to me, seemed to be the owner. "I must," said one of my acquaintance, "make you known to this gentleman, with whom you will probably have to arrange your proceedings for the campaign. Major Count Forgatsch." "The very name in my letter." "Ah!" said he, laughing, "your name has been referred to me. I am to provide you a horse. I had been looking for a quiet beast for a dignitary of the civil service, but from what I see I shall have no difficulty on that score." I had, in fact, been looking at the horses with somewhat the air of a connoisseur. "Go," he said, "to the captain of cavalry, R. —, he will provide you." I was well received by the latter officer, who furnished me with a horse from the corps of staff dragoons. He was a chesnut of strong build and amiable disposition, and never afterwards got me into difficulty. A staff dragoon

was also given me as an orderly. This excellent man was named Weiler; and I had every reason to be satisfied with him. This acknowledgment is the only medal with which I can decorate him for his excellent services. I had next to provide a uniform. The dress of a civilian is little suited to a campaign, and I received the field-marshal's permission to assume a more suitable attire. I chose the very serviceable Austrian officer's paletot of grey cloth. My tailor chose to give it the dark blue facing which belongs to the distinguished regiment Giulay. My headgear was the black cap of the officers with gold band. Major Ingelheim, of the Radetsky hussars, obliged me with the present of a hussar sabre. Thus attired I looked into the glass, and was pleased.

V.

THE MARCH. — ST. ANGELO.

THE hurry and commotion of warlike movement had attained their highest pitch in the days which immediately preceded our march from Milan. For hours together long processions of carriages, columns, and detachments of cavalry were to be seen filing along the Corso. By four in the morning began the sounds of military music and of the tramp of men and horses. Those who remained as they saw a regiment or a battery moving by, asked, "When will our turn arrive?" At last, on the 17th of March, I received an intimation from head-quarter that I was to find myself on horseback at the Porta Orientale early the next morning.

A strange coincidence of dates. On the 18th of March of the former year the revolution had broken out. On that day it became known in Milan that the emperor had granted a constitution in the spirit of the times to his states. The entire population put itself in movement, and, with the Count Casati at its head, betook itself to the civil go-

vernor, Count O'Donnel, to make demands. An armed body attached itself to the procession, flung itself on the palace of the government, and massacred the guard which resisted its entrance. Count O'Donnel yielded to the demand that a civic guard should be established and equipped with the arms of the police corps, which he consented to dissolve. Such was the beginning of the famous five days, which ended in the orderly retreat of the army from Milan and the surrender of that city to popular rule. On the present 18th of March the army was again to leave Milan,—but under what different circumstances !

Colonel Von Heinzel, who undertook the command of the garrison which remained, some 4000 strong, had his head-quarter in the castle. Colonel d'Uodo, who commanded the gendarmerie, about 400 men, was appointed governor of the city, with the Podesta and other civil subordinates at his orders. He resided in the Hotel Litta, and had the municipal guard at his disposal. The field-marshal on the day of his departure issued the following warning :—

“ I go at the head of my army to repel another treacherous attack and to transfer the scene of conflict to the enemy's territory. I leave here a sufficient garrison for the security of peaceable

inhabitants. Let whosoever regards the welfare of his family and the security of his property unite his efforts with mine for the maintenance of peace and order. I trust that Milan will await in tranquillity the result of the struggle, which cannot be doubtful. A second army is already prepared for action in defence of the rights of our emperor and the integrity of the monarchy.”—He added, “Without hate or vengeance I returned to a city which I had loved, and if I could not spare you all the burthens inseparable from war, I have neglected no effort to alleviate them. If, in spite of my warning, rebellion should again rear its head, the punishment of the guilty will be rapid and terrible, for I am strong enough to overthrow my enemy whether within or without the frontier. I repeat to you then, listen to my voice of warning. Do not involve your city in destruction by attempts which may ruin its welfare for ever.”

I confess that I slept little through the night of the 17th. The military uproar began at 3 A. M. It was pitchy dark when I left my lodging, with a man who carried my baggage, for which Major Eberhardt had promised me a corner of his carriage. At the first street near the Corso, which leads to the post-office, I was obliged to wait an hour while several regiments whose close ranks

I was neither able nor willing to break through were defiling. The sight was too agreeable for any impatience. The men were cheerful, and seemed to look up with confidence to the bright stars in heaven, which promised the finest weather.

The march of infantry masses was incessant. Soldiers constantly darted out of the ranks to swallow a cup of coffee or to fill the field-flask with something stronger. As I passed the Villa Reale all were in movement about the carriages and black fourgons which stood at the entrance. Near the Porta Orientale stands a large square mass of buildings, the former cholera hospital. Here were quartered the staff dragoons, among whom I was to look for my horse and my orderly.

These staff dragoons, a species of field gendarmerie, are a *corps d'élite*, established by the field-marshal in its present organisation and equipment. Men and horses have been carefully picked from nearly all the cavalry regiments, and the officers selected for their knowledge of service, with Major Count Forgatsch for their commander. The equipment is singularly picturesque: a long, nearly straight sword, with basket hilt, and a black broad-brimmed hat, with black drooping plume, are of the pattern of the thirty years' war. When the Count Forgatsch or my friend Captain

F—— swept by in this attire in a white cloak over the dark uniform, the imagination was carried back to the times of Wallenstein and Pappenheim.

The field-marshal is fond of his staff dragoons and proud of his handiwork. The squadron serves as cover and escort to the head-quarters, and often furnishes selected men and officers as orderlies to superior officers. I found their barrack alive and busy; the men leading out their saddled horses from their stalls, and many taking leave of wives and children. At last the trumpet sounded for the saddle, and I mounted my chesnut with the rest. We made directly for the Porta Orientale in order to join the head-quarter on the Corso. The field-marshal himself, Generals Hess and Schönhals, and several other superior officers, were not of the party, but proceeded towards our destination for the night in their carriages. A spring morning of singular beauty gave its charm to the scene as we skirted the city by the rampart towards the Porta Romana. It had rained a little the day before, there was no dust, and the horses stepped out as if they enjoyed the morning air. At the Porta Romana we met with fresh masses of infantry, who opened their ranks to give us passage. Thousands of spectators crowded the

rampart, looking on our march in silence, and doubtless with no good wishes in their hearts. As we took the road to Melegnano many officers of our party were reminded of the circumstances under which a year before they had traversed the same ground. They had left the city then by night, wearied with a five days' conflict in the streets, in which they had left many brave comrades stretched in their blood. From every belfry in the city the bells were then tolling, shots were falling among their ranks and adding fresh victims, as the tired troops plodded their weary way encumbered with a long train of wounded, of women, children, and fugitive *employés*, into a country everywhere in open insurrection. Their retreat was at first lighted by flaming houses; beyond this illumination all was darkness.

The men who had gone through this trial were now going forth in the light of day to the sound of military music in the consciousness of strength and the assurance of victory. We soon reached Melegnano, the small town notorious for its attempt of last year to resist the passage of the army. Colonel Count Wratislaw obliged me with the details of that transaction, and of his own personal risk on the occasion.

He had been sent into the place to demand

provisions. The fanaticised inhabitants rang the tocsin, took him prisoner, thrust him into a dungeon, and threatened his life unless he should induce the field-marshal to surrender with his whole force. The colonel merely remarked that his life belonged to the emperor, and that if necessary he could end it there as well as on the field of battle. The field-marshal no sooner heard of this transaction than he rode into the streets in the face of a fire from the windows, of muskets loaded with gun-cotton, and in person directed the advance of several howitzers. These soon produced their effect, and Count Wratislaw was forthwith liberated by an individual unknown, who had previously shown him some sympathy, and was brought back in triumph by some Jägers. The conflict continued for awhile, and several houses were plundered and burnt, in accordance with the undoubted rights of war in a case of such frantic resistance to an overwhelming force. The traces of this affair were still visible, and the inhabitants scowled at us as we passed.

Towards 10 o'clock, Count Forgatsch mustered the head-quarter, in a meadow near the road, for a half hour's repose. The field-marshal soon afterwards made his appearance, announced to us by the acclamation of the troops. Our halt was

made use of by most of us for breakfast. The trumpet soon again sounded; cigars and pipes innumerable were lighted, and we pursued our way like the children of Israel, guided by a cloud.

Our advanced guard was formed by some forty Sereschaners, in their rich costume, and horse caparisons as rich. The staff dragoons followed, mingled with Hungarian hussars. The latter can scarcely content themselves with the sober pace of a march, and indulge in all the devices of the *manège*. After these, Uhlans, more serious, with their long lances; then the head-quarter proper, generals, staff and subaltern officers, with their following; a brilliant spectacle.

I remarked among the riders the Archdukes Ferdinand and Leopold; the last, in Hungarian uniform, and on a magnificent black horse, flew over every obstacle of the road like a bird. Of our destination for the night we learned nothing till late in the day, when we heard that we were to join the field-marshal in St. Angelo. We had ridden pretty fast; for we covered eighteen Italian miles in about five hours. The road was often covered for a league together with batteries, ammunition, surgical, and commissariat waggons, pontoon and baggage trains. Grenadiers and light horse were resting upon it, and thousands of spec-

tators flocked from the villages. St. Angelo lies in a hollow, and has an old castle in its centre, in which our head-quarter was fixed. This castle commands the whole vicinity, and is conspicuous for its massy towers, walls, and large gateways, all in tolerable preservation, so that we were well lodged. A wide stone staircase descends from a principal terrace into a somewhat neglected garden, guarded by massy stone lions, which held in their paws the scutcheons of the founders of the place. This garden is surrounded by tall houses, which from their size and architecture bear evidence of having been once occupied by wealthier residents than their present tenants. I give you this description because in the evening it was the scene of a military fête of a very interesting kind. The field-marshal ordered the bands to play after dinner. The gates were all opened, and thousands of officers and soldiers admitted. The windows of the adjacent houses were thronged, chiefly with female spectators, the steps of the terrace with officers in every variety of uniform, and the whole brilliantly illuminated. It was impossible to see an old castle under more picturesque circumstances. The shattered windows of the upper story seemed to look down with melancholy on the wild mirth below. To-morrow all will relapse into silence

and quiet. To-night the music plays its gayest. Jägers and Viennese volunteers seize each other and whirl in the waltz, till at last the grave Hungarian grenadier catches the infection, and joins in the maze. Generals and superior officers mix freely in the throng, and the old field-marshal himself stands in the midst in a state of intense satisfaction, laughing heartily at the noise made by his children. We had one more serious scene in the drama. Towards evening a deputation of the Hungarian regiment Wasa requested audience of the field-marshal. Their petition was a place in the front of the approaching battle, and the front rank in any assault, for the purpose of wiping away the disgrace, which, alas ! regiments of their nation had elsewhere brought upon the Hungarian name. Their petition was granted, and the announcement was received with shouts by their comrades. Such incidents speak well for the spirit of the army. The grenadiers will not wait long. This day's march has brought us near the frontier. It may be crossed to-morrow. And then !

From our castle we enjoyed a splendid view of the plain around, lighted by innumerable watch-fires, with the shadowy figures of the soldiers flitting around them. One of these bivouac fires

in the court of the castle afforded us a nearer view of a scene than which few can better deserve to employ the pencil of an accomplished artist. It was the post of a company of Hungarian grenadiers. Perhaps some, whom I saw with their bronzed faces gleaming in the ruddy light, were perhaps thinking of the Pussta, and the hearth at which they had sat with their families. The old walls echoed till late with the harmonious sounds of the Magyar language ; but at last the bearskin cap began to nod over the fire, the wine jug ceased to circulate, and all was silent, except the measured tread of the sentry.

VI.

THE FIELD-MARSHAL AND HIS HEAD-QUARTER.

BEFORE I carry my reader further, I propose to give him a sketch of the field-marshal himself and his *entourage*, of that central point or heart of the army, which is the source of life and motion to the mass. The head-quarter of the marshal is small with reference to his command, but like all such bodies is cumbrous in its motions, from the quantity of baggage which, licensed or unlicensed, attaches itself to the train. As the central point of all transactions the old man himself stands out conspicuous in the picture; but if I were to pursue my metaphor, and sketch his portrait, I must give him two right hands, for he has two such in the Generals Hess and Schönhals, military names of great significance, and equally remarkable out of their profession for amiability of character and manners. The marshal is surrounded by many superior officers of various denominations, and by that body of orderly officers well known by the name of his *plovers*; for as that bird remains on unwearied wing, and holds its course over marsh and moor, sedge and swamp, ever cheerful

and strong of heart, so are these gentlemen ever in the saddle on the marshal's behest. The carriages which are allowed to the regular officers of the staff are sufficiently numerous; but to these and the pack and led horses allowed to the orderlies is to be added a most contraband train of conveyances and equipages, peasants with wine and provision cars, and droves and drivers of oxen. The whole is closed together by the staff dragoons and the Sereschaners, who form the body-guard of the head-quarter. Upon the march the baggage sticks as closely as it may to the head-quarter, but is often interrupted, and thence spun out into a long and broken line, by the march of columns on the same road, so that the front is a league in advance of the rear, which leads to many inconveniences at the evening halt. A led horse is missing at one moment, a pack horse at another, clerks are seeking for the carriage which contains the chancellerie, dogs are jumping from waggons in search of their masters, horses plunge and kick, and happy the man who is provided with his billet, or who, if unprovided, can find the orderly officer who is charged with their distribution. Fresh columns of troops, with their own baggage, with artillery rumbling, and bands playing, complete the uproar, and swell the

confusion. The field-marshal, who on long marches travels in his carriage, a light *coupée* with four horses, has also with him two large *fourgons* containing his table service for himself and his suite. On the march and in the field, all officers and *employés* on duty near his person are invited to his table. In the courtyard of the house where he lodges, if time allows, every thing is rapidly unpacked, and the cook, a man of indomitable energy in his vocation, makes unheard of exertions in pursuit of such materials as the place affords. In default of a spacious room the table is spread in the court itself. The field-marshal usually takes his seat in the centre of one side, next him the archdukes and lieutenant-generals, and after them every one where he can find a place, with little or no distinction of rank; the general by the captain, the colonel by the lieutenant, and a bond of good-humour and merriment connects the whole. The provisions are simple, a rice soup, beef, vegetables, a roast and salad, good red wine, which abounds in these parts, and plenty of it. I must own to a pleasant recollection of these feasts, of the good humour which distinguished them, and of the absence of all constraint, except that of good breeding, in the conversation, and, not to be forgotten, the toasts extemporised in rhyme of our

excellent intendant-general the Count Pachta. I can only regret that I neglected to copy out that which, on St. Joseph's day, the saint's day of the marshal, in the quarter of St. Angelo, excited the mirth of the marshal himself and all the company.

This is a specimen of the style of intercourse which prevails among the officers of the Austrian army, and which distinguishes it from many others. Arrived at our quarters, and having disposed of our effects, we usually assembled at the principal *café* of the place, if such existed. In default of such, the field-marshal's residence was usually our place of rendezvous, and here Colonel Schlitter and Major Eberhardt did the honours. Good wine was generally to be had, and good humour always.

The union, however, which thus prevailed among us in our social hours was no less binding in the graver moments of war. The head-quarter is a family, with a revered father at its head. It is a body pervaded and animated by the spirit of the field-marshal, from whom a single word is sufficient to produce the realisation of the wish or order it conveys. There are few services in which the spirit of comradeship so much prevails, and the observance of difference of rank and condition off duty so little, as in the Austrian. It is only

on service that military rank takes its effect. Of my own reception, and of the kindness I experienced from all, without exception, I can only speak in terms of the warmest gratitude; the warmer, because my experience elsewhere has not always been the same. Often, at an interesting moment, I have known officers of the highest rank draw aside to give me a better place for observation. Of the field-marshal it is superfluous in these respects to speak; his courtesy and kindness are sufficiently notorious.

If I could convey my own impressions by my pen to others — if I could describe my own recollection of the affection which I have heard expressed for him, and of the veneration with which I saw him surrounded — I might be able to do that justice to his moral portrait which I am unable to render. His external appearance is a fitter subject for the pencil than the pen; but as yet no artist has succeeded in the task, although, whether on foot or on horseback, there is something about him which at once distinguishes him from others, in scarcely less a degree than was the case with Frederick the Second, or Napoleon. He wears the same grey frock as all other Austrian generals; in stature he is, perhaps, less than any of his suite, and yet, in the crowd and confusion

of march or battle, the eye which sees him for the first time at once detects and identifies the great marshal.

Joseph Wenzel Count Radetsky von Radetz will be, on the 2nd November, 1849, eighty-four years old; he is strongly built, without clumsiness, and walks straight and upright, with a quick step. His voice is deep and powerful. His laugh is hearty; hearty at a jest which he loves to make or to hear, but never more so than when he reads a report of a gallant action of his troops. I had the good fortune to be long at his side in the battle of Novara, and several times to hold his telescope for him, of which I am proud, as any dignitary ever was of his charge. We had in our front an Austrian battery, which, with its terrible fire, at length silenced the heavier guns of the enemy opposed to it. The old man's countenance was bright. "Look, look," he said to us, "how well they keep it up. We must go among them, and pay them a compliment." Amid a storm of bullets he rode forward, and executed his purpose.

His countenance, on the other hand, saddens as he receives a report of the casualties. He is seldom angry, but can become so on grave occasions, such as the neglect of a commissary to supply the just demands of the soldier. Mis-

fortune, wherever he meets it, excites his sympathy. In Garlasco, where the soldiers committed some trifling excesses, such as taking provisions without payment, he punished the offenders severely, and distributed a considerable sum of money, from his own pocket and from a subscription of his officers, among the sufferers.

He speaks German, French, and Italian with equal facility, but prefers the first. At his table he is a perfect host and man of the world. He answers the profound bow of the guest who enters with an expressive wave of the hand, which is at once to be interpreted, "lay aside hat and sword." He has the art of going round the circle with a civil word to every one, without the stiffness which usually attends that ceremony. His extraordinary memory stands him, on these occasions, in good stead. He knows the history of every one, holds the most familiar intercourse with the officers about him of all degrees, and never lets any one feel the distance, which every one is ready to acknowledge, at which his great services place him. He often came among us when exchanging anecdotes round the fire, and never allowed us to leave our places, or make away with foraging caps or cigars. He formerly, when serving with the

cavalry, had his pipe; but he has given up smoking.

The soldiers are devoted to him, body and soul. He loves to talk with them, and to enter into their concerns. I have seen him go up to a sentry, and slip some zwanzigers into his cartridge-box, as it is forbidden for a man on duty to accept any thing. As the columns marched past, he frequently rode into the ranks, addressing the elder non-commissioned officers, clapping an officer on the shoulder, or saying a word of encouragement to a stripling Vienna volunteer. When dinner was announced, he pushed forward the elder officers and guests of rank, while we followed indiscriminately. One solitary lady occasionally graced our table, the amiable wife of General Hess, whom the marshal in that case handed in. These dinners were usually of about forty persons. Those best acquainted usually sat together. My companions were generally Colonel Schlitter, Eberhardt, and Count Forgatsch, and the councillor of legation, Baron Metzburgh. What passed among us in the way of mirth or anecdote was often handed on to the marshal. His own extraordinary memory turned to our profit; and when he dwelt on the last Turkish war, in which he had taken part, the particularity of his recollections was most

remarkable: not a name or circumstance escaped them.

The life of the camp was, as may be supposed, very different from that of the Villa Reale, but the bond of union and good fellowship was drawn all the closer. The marshal was like a father among his children, and took special delight in the mirth of the younger orderly officers, his "plovers." At breakfast one morning he remarked, "In the last campaign we were not always so well off as now. My friend Haitzinger made me a cup of chocolate one morning, ask him where he got the milk. The fact was, that General U. had a goat with his equipage, and the young officers used to steal the milk before sunrise for the marshal's breakfast. His mode of life is very simple and regular. He rises at five, takes his coffee at six with his aide-de-camps and officers on duty. At ten there is a breakfast à la fourchette; a plain dinner at four. At seven he drinks tea, plays a game at cards, and retires to a sound sleep, which rarely fails him, at nine. In the field he observes the hours fixed for moving forward with great punctuality, sometimes anticipating, but never loitering beyond them. Incoming reports are usually read aloud to him; everything that goes out he reads through himself. His

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handwriting is of the old school, but clear and legible. He rides with a firm seat, and loves fast paces. Towards Novara he rode several miles, among all the obstacles of a crowded road, at a sharp hunting gallop. His horses are powerful Mecklenburghers, mostly grey.

VII.

TORRE BIANCO. — PAVIA.

TOWARDS four P.M. of the 19th of March we left St. Angelo, in the direction of Pavia. Although we fell in with troops of all arms through the day, and it became evident that the army was concentrating itself in the Ticino, none but the initiated few had yet any distinct idea of the marshal's plans.

It was dusk when we were given to understand that we approached our quarters. The archdukes with their suite left the highroad towards the left, and we soon saw before us Torre Bianco, our halting-place. Rather spoiled by our excellent lodging of the previous night, I saw with some dismay a single and small house for the reception of all. A couple of rooms were fortunately forthcoming for the marshal and a few others, and the rest of us were consigned to the principal saloon. The floor of this room was covered with straw for our repose. For provision we found nothing on the spot but bread and wine, and a large sausage which my good

genius had led me to purchase at Milan was received with acclamation.

I strayed into the court after supper to look after my horse and orderly and to get my cloak, as the night promised to be cold. On account of the accumulation of hay and straw in the yard no fire was allowed, and men and horses were but dimly distinguishable in the darkness. When I returned to the saloon, I found it so thoroughly filled, that a sleeping-place there for me would be out of the question. I found one in a passage, and moreover a mattress which the owner of the house had put out of the way for his own use. I slept well in spite of occasional visions of spectral forms, which stepped over me in the darkness.

We were roused before daylight in an unpleasant manner by an alarm of fire—an intimation of some interest, under the circumstance that 600 horses were picketted among buildings full of hay and straw. It proved fortunately a false alarm, created by some sparks which escaped from the chimney in the marshal's bedroom. It roused us, however, more effectually than a dozen bugles, and in and out of our quarters men were dressed and horses saddled with wonderful rapidity. It was not worth while to return to our repose, and we were soon collected round the

kitchen fire, casting wistful glances at a large coffee-kettle, the contents of which were soon distributed by the marshal's *valet-de-chambre* among us, eager recipients. It was welcome enough. The night had been cold and the sleep of many had been interrupted by the perpetual arrival and departure of estafettes and orderlies. From our quarters the complicated threads of that great and brilliant manœuvre were governed, by which in a few hours, and without warning to the enemy, 60,000 men were thrown across the Ticino. No idea can be conveyed of the secrecy, the calm, and the caution with which this operation was managed. Neither in Milan, nor even in our night-quarters on the march, was any one, except a few officers about the person of the marshal, aware of our destination. It was the same with the separate corps, and thus this noble passage was executed without impediment.

We left Torre Bianco at six and reached Pavia at eight. We found every thing there in busy motion. On the piazza near the Milan gate stood large masses of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. We rode to the Hotel of Lombardy which occupies the angle formed by the piazza with the main street. The marshal entered the inn and we dismounted, without a notion of what

was next to happen. We were only told that we should have to wait here two hours. As it was hazardous to absent oneself during these halts I took the opportunity on this and similar occasions to work at my reports for the *Allgemeine*.

After standing some time by our horses we thought it best to enter the inn, and those out on duty were soon in enjoyment of a plentiful repast, for which our ride had well prepared us. Few were even yet aware that the passage of the river by the whole army was here to take place, and it was only when we saw regiment after regiment and battery after battery defile past, that a light broke in upon us as to the real nature of the transaction.

The passage of the river was effected over three bridges, two of which, auxiliary to the great stone bridge of the city, were established by our pontonniers in one night!! The arrival of the various corps was calculated so exactly, and executed so admirably, that the passage was effected without stoppages or collision of columns, and the troops were able to defile without interruption from midday till two the next morning.

Exactly at twelve on this the 20th March, the day and hour on which the armistice expired, the foremost Austrian troops set foot on the opposite

shore of the Ticino, and the field-marshal in this manner assumed the offensive. He stood for many hours at a window of the narrow main street to see them march past.

The noise was prodigious; the clang of the music, the tramp of men and horses, the rumble of artillery, the shouts of the soldiers as they caught sight of the old man, the many-languaged salutations, *Vivas*, *Eljens*, and *Xivios**,—all this in a narrow street made the head giddy and the eyesight dazzled. It was a military Walpurgis in broad daylight. I mounted the roof of a house from which I could follow the line of march nearly to the river. The masses of armed men as they wound through the street resembled a stream in conflict with the difficulties of rocky narrows, when the roar of its eddying waters is heard leagues afar. The noise increased as the columns reached the three bridges. The horses neighed at the near aspect of the water, planks and pontoons creaked and groaned under the artillery and waggons, the soldiers shouted as they touched the opposite shore and set foot on the enemy's territory, the cavalry sang lustily, and the infantry executed admirable imitations of the vocal exercises of the brute creation.

* The Slavonic *Vivat*.

Gravellone was found nearly deserted by its inhabitants, yet not the least excess was committed by the troops, beyond the emptying of some smugglers' stores, which had been left stocked with Asti wine. The oxen on these occasions have a comical appearance, hung with every thing which the soldier is unable, or can avoid by this means, to carry. The horns are adorned with field flasks, bread bags and knapsacks are slung over the back. The officers' servants have a special eye to the beasts for slaughter, and load them with every description of camp equipage or field provision.

As evening closed in and the endless march continued, the busy scene assumed another aspect. Night asserted her rights, and the human voice was silent. Nothing was heard but the monotonous tramp, and an indistinct kind of murmur. The cavalry, as they passed our house in their white mantles, were seen in strong light for an instant, and vanished the next like spectres. The music was hushed ; and the soldier who sang so loud, like the bird, by day, only whispered to his comrade in the darkness. The men of the baggage-train and the rocket batteries sat wearied and half asleep on their carriages, and the darker the night the brighter shone the matches of the

gunners. The road was often for a long space illuminated by these with points of starry light.

It was more than once rumoured that we were destined to cross the Ticino with the army in the course of this day, but we finally remained in Pavia, and I found a tolerable sleeping-place on a sofa in an hotel.

VIII.

TRUMELLO.

AT four A. M. of the 21st we rode down the descent of the main street of Pavia to the river. The weather smiled upon our entrance on the enemy's territory. We might now expect at any moment to meet with resistance, and the expectation was exciting. We saw the following proclamation of the field-marshal affixed to many houses in the villages we traversed.

“Inhabitants of Piedmont,—It is notorious that in the last year your sovereign, against the law of nations, invaded the territory of my master, the emperor. My victories repelled this unexampled aggression, and my victorious army stood on the shore of the Ticino. It was in the power of your sovereign to spare you the inflictions of war by accepting the peace which was offered to him. Instead of this, instigated by views of ambition, he again threatens unjust aggression on the states of the emperor. He thus compels me to make your fruitful lands the theatre of hostilities. You have, then, to thank him, not me, for the calamities

which this unjust attack may bring upon you. I enter Piedmont to restore peace and repose to all. The inconveniences incident to warlike operations I cannot spare you, but the discipline of my army will be your security for person and property. Avoid to mix yourself in the struggle; leave its decision to the soldier; you will otherwise, without chance of success, aggravate the pressure of war, while you will deprive me of the power to alleviate it. There never was so unjust a war as that which your master wages on mine; never one so just as that which I am compelled to conduct against your king. I am not, like Charles Albert, allured by schemes for acquisition of dominion; my object is the vindication of the rights of my emperor and the integrity of his dominions, which are treacherously menaced by your government in co-operation with insurgents."

I had yesterday heard the first shots, and when an orderly arrived with a report that two Piedmontese had been killed not far off, I must confess that I experienced a novel and peculiar sensation. The army was this day a good distance in advance of us. We saw nothing of it in the early morning. It had advanced the day before in three columns on the road to Garlasco; the right column towards Cerbolo, the central towards Gro-

bello, the left towards Dorna. Of the enemy, who showed only some weak advanced guards on the river, we knew nothing positive; all we did know was, that his right wing, under the Duke of Genoa, from 20,000 to 25,000 men, was retiring on the line of Vigevano and Mortara.

We were approaching fields memorable in the military history of the last century. It was on the plains around us that Bernadotte, in 1796, began his brilliant career as a commander. Here, a few years later, Souvaroff, at the head of an Austro-Russian force, defeated Moreau and MacDonald, and a few miles from where we stood the Consul Buonaparte crossed the Po, and made the name Marengo for ever famous. Neither Lombardy nor Piedmont are now so well adapted as in those days for great operations. Improvements in the arts of peace have been unfavourable to the practice of war. The multiplication of mulberry plantations and of rows of trees with vines festooned between, obstructs the movement of battalions, and makes it difficult for the most accomplished Jäger battalions to manœuvre, or to throw out a connected line of skirmishers. A further impediment exists in the numerous farm houses and so-called cassine. These, indeed, have always played a part in the wars of northern

Italy. Many of them, of much antiquity, solid in construction, with small windows high in the walls, and surrounded with walls and ditches, are easily convertible into so many small fortresses.

In many districts it is only possible to move on the broad and straight *chaussée*. This is flanked on either side by broad and deep ditches full of water, which make it difficult for infantry, and quite impossible for cavalry to increase its front or to deploy. It is hence very difficult to use cavalry in this part of Italy, as had been found in the actions of the former year. It is not, however, to be inferred that because that arm can but rarely be applied on the field of battle, it is other than indispensable for a campaign. Unable to manœuvre as an independent body it is still highly useful to secure the safe advance of an army; and the fine cavalry of Austria has in this last campaign rendered excellent service. It searches the road in front, the country right and left, with its patrols to detect the presence of an enemy; it maintains the connection between the several corps. In this kind of perpetual service, which is far more arduous than it may appear to the ignorant, the particular qualities of horse and man are tested, and an accomplished

trooper or practised officer can show his merits as distinctly as in the charge or the *mêlée*.

During the former campaign, an officer invented a small portable bridge, intended to be thrown over these ditches. It was conveyed on a carriage, but was never used, to my knowledge. The mulberry plantations I have mentioned, with their vines, are so thick, especially in Lombardy, as to neutralise the fire of infantry. The district, however, in which we now were moving, the country towards the Sesia, is neither so rich nor so well cultivated by a great deal, as the greater part of Lombardy. Between Novara and Voghera, on the right bank of the Ticino, are some less fertile and less cultivated plains, which are partly covered with brushwood, and are only applied to pasturage. Yet in these the high roads oppose a great impediment to the movement of troops. Some of these are on high embankments; others, as described above, flanked with ditches. These features of the country are a great advantage in war with the Austrians to the Piedmontese, who are poor in cavalry, and to these peculiarities of the dry grounds must be added those of the wet rice-fields and swamps. If the Austrian cavalry could have manœuvred freely in the last campaigns their solution would have been more rapid if possible than it

was. Our horsemen of all descriptions were furious with the obstacles which prevented them from moving *en masse* upon the enemy. On several occasions of the campaign of 1848 cavalry officers dismounted, seized the musket of a fallen man, and joined an infantry column in its attack on a barricade or a position. Among these was my friend Count Ingelheim.

Towards ten A. M. we came up with our masses on the march, and rode then for an hour in a dense throng till we reached Garlasco, at which village the field-marshal established his head-quarter for a couple of hours, and saw the troops march past. The house had a large court-yard, with a well in the centre. The field-marshal walked to and fro with his officers in very good humour, and did the honours to us of a frugal breakfast. Many of the inhabitants drew near to obtain a view of the famous man.

As I have mentioned before, the troops which had preceded us had committed some trifling pillage in the article of provisions, for which the field-marshal immediately on his arrival had issued an ample compensation, through the magistrates of the place. The proprietors of our quarter were among the complainants, and for them Colonel Schlitter set on foot a subscription among our-

selves, which he collected in his hat. It was handsomely supported, and the field-marshal emptied his own purse of its contents, a couple of gold pieces and some zwanzigers. I gave small change for one of the latter and kept it as a memorial. The joy of the parties who profited by the sum was great, and when the remains of our breakfast were added to it they shouted.

At four, P. M. we left Garlasco, and rode towards Trumello. We heard the sound of cannon on our march, both in our front and on our right. It was for the first time that I heard this sound in action, and the reflections which that first hearing produces are strange and serious.

We reached Trumello about six o'clock,—our destination for the night. It is an insignificant place, of little more than one street; but our quarters were good. I had for my host an old man with a very pretty daughter, honest and friendly people, a small room, and a clean bed. We had pushed on in advance of a portion of the army.

The marshal, who walked in the street with Generals Hess and Schönhals, was pleased with the cheerful and vigorous appearance of the marching columns. Their delight at the sight of their leader was evinced by thundering acclamations. In this they were joined by many of the

population which had turned out to a man. Indeed, the demeanour of all the places we had passed through since we crossed the river, presented a remarkable contrast to the scowling faces and savage glances which had every where encountered us in Lombardy. The thunder of distant artillery fire became more audible. It came from Mortara. The division of the Archduke Albert was there engaged with from 20,000 to 25,000 Piedmontese, who had taken position in that place, under the Duke of Genoa. Officers galloped up in rapid succession, and reported that things were going on well, that the columns were forming for the assault, and that the gallant Colonel Benedeck, at the head of the regiment Giulay, would soon be in the place. Hurrah! This was a gallant *debut*! On the following morning we learned what had happened, and the field-marshal issued the following bulletin.

“ Head-quarter, Trumello, March 22.

“ The armistice, denounced by the Piedmontese Government, expired on the 20th. The army, by a rapid flank movement, had concentrated its strength, and, with a strict regard to the hour of the termination of the armistice, crossed the Ticino at midday at Pavia. A great portion of the

enemy's force was placed at Novara and Vigevano. Surprised, as would appear, by our movement, he had, for the purpose of covering his rear, which we threatened, strongly occupied Mortara. It was here that our advanced guard, under His Imperial Highness the Archduke Albert, met with the enemy. An affair immediately commenced, which opened with a heavy fire of artillery. During this our columns of assault were formed, the town was taken. About 1000 prisoners, 5 guns, 10 ammunition waggons, and a military chest, are the trophies of this brilliant action. While this was in progress in Mortara, the brigades Strasoldo and Wohlgemuth sustained a no less brilliant action at Gambolo with an enemy's column which came from Vigevano. The results, so far as known, are several hundred prisoners, among whom a staff officer. Our loss is trifling, but the returns are not yet made out. This day, March 22., the head-quarter advances by Mortara. The army rejoices! The field-marshal enjoys the best health!"

IX.

MORTARA. — BORGO LAVEZZARO.

THE head-quarter presents a cheerful spectacle after a success. It is proud as a parent when a son has passed a difficult examination. The humblest soldier walks erect. We were very gay this morning in Trumello. The marshal was lodged in an old castle towards the upper end of the village, a rambling building, in which, as far as I could see, few of the rooms were in habitable condition. The Generals Hess and Schönhals were lodged with him, as also the amiable Count Pachta, that wonderful provider for the stomachs of the army. His exertions during the campaign of 1848 had been miraculous. While the army was limited to a triangle between Mantua, Verona, and Peschiera, an oasis in a desert of surrounding insurrection, he succeeded in providing for all its wants. His efforts to supply our corporeal necessities were now again equally efficacious. They were not however limited to these. In his apartment we were sure to find a quantity of news-

papers, which he made accessible to friends and acquaintance. His own store of anecdotes was copious, and this morning, in front of the field-marshal's quarter we drew largely upon it. We had formed in close circle, and tale and jest passed round in rapid interchange. Count Forgatsch meanwhile was walking up and down with rapid strides, and despatching orderlies in all directions. His staff dragoons were exchanging reports of the action among each other, and lamenting their own absence from the fray. The old man walked up and down, with cheerful countenance, his hands behind his back, conversing with officers, or nodding occasionally to a soldier. He went up to the grenadiers on sentry at the door ; and as the regulation forbids a man on duty to take any thing, he left two zwanzigers for each on a stone. The men grinned their silent satisfaction. I should not have advised any interloper to meddle with this deposit. We breakfasted at a long table in the court-yard. The older generals had many a time asked the field-marshal why he did not let his beard grow. This chapter came under discussion, and the point was pressed by Count Pachta. At last the field-marshal laughed, and said, " Well, I promise on conditions. Beat the

Piedmontese in a great battle, and I will let my mustachios grow." This concession to public opinion settled, we broke up for Mortara. Particulars meanwhile had come in of that engagement. At Mortara were posted the two Piedmontese divisions, Durando and Bes, from 20,000 to 25,000 men, distributed on the roads to Gambolo and Vigevano. In Mortara itself might be about 15,000 men. The action here was soon decided; for the regiment Giulay, under Colonel Benedeck, after a short musquetry affair, carried the town with unparalleled bravery. However well the Piedmontese contrive to defend themselves behind houses or entrenchments, they are not competent to resist an assault or a bayonet attack. It would seem that the sight of the shining points and the hearty hurrah of our people are too much for them.

Colonel Benedeck in the beginning of the action turned the place with a battalion of his regiment, and pressed forward, after driving back some bodies of the enemy into one of the principal streets, in which he suddenly found himself in front of a Piedmontese battalion. He had scarcely time to operate against this, when two other battalions made their appearance in his rear. The brave colonel found himself obliged in all haste to

throw up a barricade of captured ammunition waggons and artillery horses. Behind this, with a small part of his force, he contrived to keep in check the one battalion of the enemy, and with the rest of his force to drive back the other two a long distance. The one battalion was caught between the barricade and his troops, and captured to a man.

Our head-quarters broke up about twelve o'clock from Trumello, and reached the field-of-battle at Mortara about two. We saw little here of the ravage of the conflict. The time which had intervened had been sufficient for the removal of the dead and wounded. The foremost houses of the town had been converted into little fortresses, and their walls loopholed. As we entered Mortara its aspect was lifeless, its streets unpeopled. The inhabitants had shut themselves up in dread of plunder; but when they found that our soldiers paid in the taverns for every thing they got, and that the masses, without leaving their ranks, marched through the town with their bands playing to encamp beyond it, doors and window shutters were then flung open. The female sex were the first to show themselves in the balconies. From a host of black and beauti-

ful eyes glances, of no unfriendly description, were directed on the German barbarians as they filed past. Jewellers' shops and coffee-houses remained longer closed. The owner of one of the latter had been busy in painting over the inscription, *Caffè della Minerva*, and swore high and low that no place of entertainment had for ages existed there. Some of our Jägers and Vienna volunteers, however, undertook to refute this assertion; and the owner was compelled against his will to drive a trade which he found as profitable as if it had been voluntary.

In one of the streets in which the conflict had been hottest, I met with a picturesque illustration of the ravage of war. Near a house, the shutters of which were splintered with grape-shot, stood a Piedmontese ammunition waggon across the street, the cover violently torn off. Its four horses lay stretched before it dead, in their harness, as if the fatal shot had arrested them in full career. Torn and bloody fragments of equipment lay scattered around. One of our own people had received a cannon shot in the breast, which had passed right through him, leaving a perceptible orifice. In a palace of some magnitude not far off were confined the Piedmontese prisoners. They appeared any thing but inconsolable, were smoking

cigars, and laughing and flirting with some young ladies of the opposite house. There are those who maintain that among the Piedmontese there were many officers, as well as soldiers, to whom the exchange of active service for captivity was no grievance, and that many had accepted the latter lot who might have escaped from it in company with their flying comrades. One prisoner I met with at Mortara who excited my sympathy. He was a regimental band master. He stood, wrapped in a dark burnous, motionless, and with folded arms, among a number of other prisoners stretched on the ground, anguish legible in his features. Our soldiers deserve honourable mention for their kind and friendly treatment of their prisoners. I saw them repeatedly hand a flask, a piece of bread, or a cigar to a prisoner as he passed.

In a small open place in the town were ranged the captured guns, three 8-pounders, and two howitzers. A battery in good field condition is a fine warlike object; dismal in proportion is the spectacle of one abandoned and captured — shivered spokes and splintered limbers, muzzles smirched with dust and blood, powder-damp blackening the touchhole, the cartridge chests

wrenched open, dead horses and torn harness near the broken pole.

The field-marshal had established his headquarters in a good-sized house, situated at the end of a long courtyard. Two Sereschaner sentries leaned against the doorway; from the windows and balconies officers were looking down on the court, calling to their grooms, and ordering articles from their carriages, which had followed them, and were drawn up in motley array. Of the inhabitants of the house nothing was to be seen till, some of us standing and conversing below, were startled by a sudden vision of two lovely female countenances in the second story, which, however, vanished like lightning. We decided on a pacific reconnoissance, which was conducted with much circumspection by Lieutenant C., and with such skill, that the enemy's retreat was cut off. A masterly wheel of the advanced guard, to which I belonged, brought us face to face with the *padrona della casa*, who received us in a large anteroom, and on the assurance that we considered it a duty to pay her our respects, bade us be seated, and we were soon engaged in amicable conversation. She told us of the terrors of the past night, of the misconduct of the Piedmontese soldiery, and of her fears of the German barbarians,

fears which she did us the justice to add had proved quite unfounded. Upon this conversation, which was interspersed with much laughter, she opened one room door after another, and out of each and every one came forth ladies, old and young, and timidly joined our circle. First came the matrons, the girls followed, and we were soon surrounded by a young and pretty circle. I cannot remember to have seen together so many glancing eyes, fresh lips, and magnificently dark locks as here; it was as if we had found ourselves in an assembly of novices of some female monastic order. The Padrona explained the mystery by telling us that she had invited all the young women of her acquaintance to her house, to profit by the security which attached to it as the Austrian head-quarter. Nothing but curiosity to see the field-marshal had induced two of her guests to make themselves visible for an instant, and thus betray their place of retreat to the enemy. For the red mantles, Sereschaners, they all entertained a holy dread, and one little wiseacre maintained to the last that she knew them to be cannibals.

Throughout the place we found the people most amicably disposed towards us, and prompt in supplying our demands. As we were not re-

gularly billeted, we found lodgings where we liked and were able, and the inhabitants opened their houses to us with good will. As nothing was to be got in the taverns in the way of eatables, I begged the mistress of my lodging to sell me some eggs. She prepared me, with alacrity, a small breakfast, and added to it a flask of Asti wine, with a white thread, as a mark of distinction, round its neck. And yet she was not to be moved to receive payment for all this; and even when she detected me endeavouring to transfer the price to her maid-servant, she forbade the proceeding. One of our gendarmes made a discovery in the town of several chests containing some thousand stand of arms in excellent condition.

Towards seven o'clock, the head-quarter broke up and moved forward on the road to Novara. The 2nd corps, under General D'Aspré, was already far in advance of us, on the road to Novara, the 3rd and the reserve followed him, and the 1st and 4th were moving in a parallel direction on the enemy's line of retreat, operations which had in view the result eventually achieved, of cutting him off from Turin and Alexandria, and throwing him back on the mountains. Immediately on leaving Mortara, we found the road, and the fields

to the right and left, densely occupied with troops of every arm, and carriages of all descriptions. From every quarter from which the carriage of the field-marshal could be discerned, the troops flocked across the fields towards the road, to give him a *viva* as he passed.

We reached that evening Borgo Lavezzaro, where the head-quarter was established for the night. I rode with my orderly through the town, to try my luck for a quarter; and falling in with a large house, of inviting appearance, I dismounted, led my horse into a court, and was received by an old lady, who conducted me into a chamber of neat and even elegant appearance. I had, however, scarcely begun to settle myself, when I was accosted by an officer of my acquaintance, who showed me, with a smile, his billet, and I was obliged to try my luck elsewhere. Having arrived too late for the distribution of billets, I was a sufferer. I had to pass through a dirty, small courtyard, to mount a creaking staircase into a spacious room, the walls of which had long parted with their plaster, and showed their naked masonry. A chest strewn with much-used and uncleaned shoes and stockings for a seat, a piece of sacking for a carpet, a board upon some broken legs, having the presumption to present

itself as a table, such was the furniture; some half-emptied medicine bottles suggested various pleasant reflections, and the ceiling was low enough to be reached by the hand. I quitted the house, and was seeking some better lot, when I fell in with the Auditor-General S., who was quartered in the house adjoining, and who, hearing of my difficulty, offered me his quarter and half his bed. He was lodged at the house of one Dulcamara, the quack doctor of the place. This *Æsculapius* possessed a decent dwelling, and shared it with one old woman of a maid-servant, as he maintained, but I could not help remarking that we found in our chamber more hair-pins, and other pins, than a gentleman usually employs for his toilette. The Signor Dottore was a shrewd companion; he held us endless discourses of his friendship for our persons and devotion to Austria, but gave us awfully sour wine to drink. In presses and commodes around were huge bottles, with anatomical horrors preserved in spirits, on which he read us interesting lectures. Upon a table lay amputation knives and other such agreeable instruments, of which he explained to us the uses in a manner which fortunately took away our appetite. I say fortunately, for to his sour wine he had no bread, and all flesh in the house,

not human, resolved itself into one cat, old and blind, but highly educated, and master of many accomplishments. A cloak, said the Prussian corporal, is nothing till you come to roll it. Dulcamara wanted rolling. I am half convinced that half a dozen solid Croats would have produced from him an excellent supper and wine for twenty, not sour.

X.

THE BATTLE OF NOVARA.

ON the 23rd March, the sky, for the first time since our march began, was clouded over. We were assembled in the court-yard of the field-marshal's quarter, when we heard the first cannon-shots from Novara. The shots were single, so that at first we imagined that the advanced guard of General d'Aspre was molesting such rear-guard as the enemy had probably left to cover his retreat. The fact that we had to deal with the main army of Charles Albert was too valuable to permit us to give it implicit credence. "If," said General Hess, whose calculations were proved by the event to have been those of a master, "if the Piedmontese army waits for us at Novara, God Almighty may save them, but no one else can."

Our head-quarter, in the neighbourhood of a great battle, presents a soldier-like scene. We had finished our breakfast just as the first discharge of cannon was heard. The service had been removed, and large maps were spread on the table, carriages and baggage horses were

packed, chargers saddled, and the officers attached to head-quarters stood in groups and conversed. The old man walked up and down, listened to the distant thunder, casting an occasional glance on the map, and looked serious, but calm. In front of the house was a crowd of inhabitants as anxious as ourselves respecting the issue. They had for their countrymen of the Piedmontese army, who had notably plundered them, a singularly moderate affection, and as often as they caught sight of the marshal they saluted him with an *evviva*. Some half dozen young ladies of the village, and they seemed to me of the *élite* as to beauty, would take no denial, but insisted on kissing his hand. Some of us proposed to act as master of the ceremonies, but they appeared to place no great confidence in us, or at least were afraid to show it, and the elderly Count Pachta was pressed into the service and acted as their conductor to the marshal, who received them most kindly. Meanwhile, the thunder of Novara increased. Breathless orderlies and aide-de-camps galloped in in rapid succession from the field. The Plovers stood to their horses, and for every message there sprang forward three or four eager candidates from their ranks. The reports from the field, mostly written in pencil, and with military concise-

ness, as "such a brigade is advancing; the enemy is pinching us," &c. were read by the marshal, by Generals Hess and Schönhals, and instantly fresh orders were sent out. The officer who got the order took a good pull at the field-flask of some friend, sprang into the saddle, and was off like the wind on the road, encumbered with men and baggage. "*Povero giovine,*" cried the female lookers-on, who thought he was destined never to return.

The field-marshal lingered no longer in his head-quarter; the led horses, the greater part of the equipages, waggons, and all other baggage remained behind, and we mounted, about one o'clock, and rode onward towards Novara. The high road was thronged with advancing corps, through which we were obliged to insinuate ourselves, and we soon fell in with a long train of the surgical waggons, which were hurrying to the terrible spot of their rendezvous. I cannot omit here to remark upon the admirable organisation of these carriages. They are light, drawn by one horse, with C springs, and the seat is of flexible girths, upon which, during the march, from five to six light litters are arranged, which during the action are taken down and used to transport the wounded. Near the great carriages of the surgical corps are fixed poles with red and white flags; each of these

designates to those who have need a principal spot for operations. Such a flag now fluttered in the middle of the road to Novara, and I can assure you that neither the roll of the artillery nor the sight of the dead in Mortara occasioned so painful an impression as this blood-red streamer, which denoted the place of so much human suffering. Men slightly wounded, such as could yet ride or walk, met us before we reached the village. General Stadion also passed us, more severely hurt, for a ball had passed through his chest. Other wounded officers assured us that the affair was very hot where they had left it, and a Jäger, who sat by a ditch side, with his head bandaged, exclaimed against the bad luck of the day. We endeavoured to console him as to his wound. "It is not that," he said, "but that we are again losing so many of our officers." We now began to hear the sputter of the musquetry, but it did not last long together, the terrible thunder of the artillery quickly absorbed every other sound.

Nibiola, a small village about a league from the field, presented a dismal spectacle, for it was there that the red flag now streamed, and the principal station for operations was established. Beds and straw had been collected as far as time had allowed, and there lay the seriously wounded,

resigned to their destiny; those, less severely hurt, leaned against the walls, or sat on the ground, and many, who could not speak, lifted the hand to salute the marshal as he passed. As the reviewing general salutes the standard, so solemnly and silently did the marshal and all his staff salute the men who had bled in its defence. We all uncovered as we passed. We heard few cries of pain, or groans from the place of operation, but plenty of both from the waggons we met with as we advanced, for their motion is unendurable to a shattered limb. Yet these sounds and scenes were diversified with others less distressing. Some jeered at the Piedmontese, who were said to be getting enough of it, and others declared they would soon be back in the field. It was remarkable that not a man was met with retiring on the usual pretext of assisting a wounded comrade. The most painful of the incidents of such a march as ours is to meet personal acquaintance, with whom we have parted in the morning fresh and sound, now scarcely to be recognised in their disguise of blood, and dust, and languor. The voice and inquiry of a friend is answered with a look and a sigh, as the sufferer compares his condition with that of the interrogator.

We had soon left the surgical station behind us,

with its busy manipulators of the knife and the bandage. Before us, to our left, was a rising ground, and behind this the town, Novara, and the field of battle. This rising ground, crowned with a farm house, had been carried by our troops early in the action, but after an obstinate contest. The dead lay thickly around, as, indeed, they did in all parts of this well-fought field. We rode past the farm buildings, and had at once the whole scene of the battle before us. It was a dull and misty day, it often began to rain and then left off, as if the rain had given way to a rival in the thunder of artillery. The town, formerly well fortified, is placed on a hill, and showed itself under the disadvantage of a grey tint through the grey cloud of the battle, but yet in distinct outline against the horizon. Around the town, and leaning on it as their support, stood the Piedmontese. They had availed themselves of every trifling elevation of ground to plant on it their heavy 16 lb. batteries; and four of these were mowing down under their terrible cross-fire whole ranks of our people, without causing the survivors to retire a foot. The latter continued to close up their ranks to the front with ever-renewed vigour, but the enemy was as yet too strong for us in this quarter. Two of our divisions, Archduke Albert and Lieu-

tenant-General Schaffgotsch, some 20,000 strong, had been engaged since eleven o'clock with the main army of the enemy, 50,000 strong, and you may conceive with what unexampled courage and endurance our people fought, when it is considered that such a superiority of numbers, backed by sixty pieces of artillery, was not sufficient to force them to give way an inch. The Archduke, who, for several hours was under the hottest fire, and was personally engaged at every point of danger in rallying and leading on the troops, has won for himself a bright page in the history of this bloody day.

The field-marshal had no sooner ascertained that we had to deal with the main army of the enemy than he ordered up the third corps and the reserve by forced march. Immense was the joy with which these orders were received by the troops. The very horses of the batteries seemed eager to come into action, and every thing moved forward at a sharp trot. The clank and rattle on the main road mocked description. With a single drummer at its head each battalion moved on double quick, running rather than marching. The spectacle of the long procession of wounded which met them only excited their impetuosity, and they

cried to their comrades, "We will give it them home!"

We stood on a little height near Novara, and had the whole battle before us like a panorama. The marshal and all his staff dismounted; telescopes, large and small, were taken out of their cases, and you may conceive the interest with which they were pointed on every movement of the enemy. The immediate following of the field-marshal at this moment was not numerous. Hess and Schönhals rode up and down. The two aide-camps, von Diller and Leykamp, were almost constantly in the foremost ranks of the action; the various orderly officers we saw only at moments as they galloped up to receive orders, or away to convey them into the thick storm of bullets. All were in great excitement. The staff dragoons, who were behind us, moved to and fro; the horses pricked their ears, and occasionally started at the firing. My faithful chesnut stood like a tower. Weiler commended him, and favoured me with the information that at Curtatone a captain had been shot dead from the same horse and the same saddle, and that the beast had never stirred. I thanked him for this encouraging information, which gave me a subject of agreeable meditation for the moment.

Seven battalions of the third corps had at this time just joined the line of battle, the remaining seven being drawn up as reserve behind the centre. The whole reserve corps, however, was on its way, and could not fail to arrive at the right moment. The question at issue was as to the arrival of the fourth corps, and whether, advancing by the road to Vercelli, it would join us in time to take effective part in the action, to cut the enemy off from his natural line of retreat, and either throw him back on the mountains, or entirely surround him. You may conceive the restless impatience with which we pointed our telescopes on the Vercelli road. Meanwhile, the seven newly arrived battalions went fiercely to work. The Piedmontese, who fought generally through the day with much energy and courage, did not remain in their debt. It seemed as if the enemy's batteries had waited for this crisis and for the appearance of our reinforcements, for, as if at a signal, their fire commenced hotter than ever; and perhaps 120 pieces were now replying to each other. You can form no idea of the storm of balls and shells which crossed each other in their deadly course. Before and around the spot on which the field-marshal was standing, the heavy 16 lb. shots ploughed up the ground,

tracing in one place a deep furrow, and cutting down a tree like stubble in another.

It is remarkable how each kind of missile has its own characteristic. There is the tremulous howl of the large round shot, the whistle of the musket ball, the hiss of the shell, like that of the Catherine-wheel firework, and then its detonation as it bursts. Of these last many which fell among us missed fire, and many exploded harmless in the air, but where one fell and did its office the effect was fearful. One such struck an officer in the breast, exploded at that instant, struck down a man to the right and left, and cut off the upper part of the officer's body in such a fashion that his frightened horse galloped off some distance with the feet of the corpse still in the stirrups. Such are the spectacles which a field of battle occasionally presents. Not far off lay a Piedmontese artillerist who had been struck on the forehead by a spent 6lb. shot which remained in the wound. An hussar had been killed at the same instant with his horse by a shot which had passed through the neck of the latter; they had sunk together, the rider still in the saddle and the sabre still in his hand. The sudden collapse of a man in full vigour is what is most fearful to behold. One sinks without a groan; another

jumps high from the ground with a shriek, falls over, lies stiff and dead. I saw a Gränzer from the Banat, with a ball in his forehead, falter a few paces leaning on his musket like a drunken man, and then, after a faint whisper about his home, expire.

Over the town the cannon smoke had spread a colossal canopy, which floated motionless above the roofs like the crown of the Italian pine tree. Every shot and every volley was distinguishable against the grey sky; the smoke rose, white as snow, from the muzzle, and then spread out with an outline as clearly defined as if it had been drawn with a needle-point against the cloud. Near us to the left, and in Novara itself, some houses were on fire, and the smoke of these, heavier and of a dirty grey, driven sideways by a breeze, penetrated that of the battle, and deepened it with duskier tints. Through both we could trace the fiery arch of the rockets, and the lightning flash of the heavy artillery, first the flash, then the rising cloud, and then the roar. In our front, near a large farm yard, stood one of our heavy batteries, maintaining a tremendous fire. The dark back ground of the farm buildings was so lighted up by the flashes that the whole appeared for the moment to be in flames. This

battery seemed to serve as a target for the Piedmontese, for it rained missiles in this direction, but not one of our pieces was either dismounted or silenced. Our people fired to perfection, and with all the coolness and accuracy which they could have shown on parade. No rule of art or regulation of exercise was dispensed with. In this accuracy of loading and pointing lies the acknowledged excellence of our artillery. As one of our 12-pounders had just been loaded and pointed, a 16 lb. shot struck it between the wheel and the limber, tore away some splinters, and traced a furrow along the limber. The corporal of the gun looked coolly along the sight and said to the officer as he rode up, "I beg leave to report that the direction is unaltered, and no damage to the piece."

In front the affair was still hot. The 4th corps had not yet appeared, and the enemy had the enormous advantage of still bringing up fresh troops against us. His chain of skirmishers was thus continually renewed, while our people were not to be induced to abandon to any body so good a position as that they occupied. Our Jägers pressed forward like dæmons, springing from tree to tree, and sending from their practised rifles, with sure aim, the contents into the Piedmontese

ranks. Wherever the slightest inequality of ground was to be found, they took advantage of it for the purpose of deliberate aim.

A young and jovial lad of the 9th Jäger battalion, who carried by way of cockade in his hat an enormous bush, quite a small wood, was standing behind a tree of a foot thickness, and firing with the utmost precision and success, when suddenly a round shot cut down the upper part of the tree, which knocked him down in its fall, and buried him among the branches. He extricated himself with a laugh, and, crawling to a neighbouring hillock, set to work again fresher than ever. The Vienna volunteers were not a whit behind the Jägers, either in courage or in the loss sustained; mere boys of from sixteen to twenty, and many of them hopeful heroes of the days of our barricades of the Vienna suburb. Be these forgotten: in the field of honour and well led—for they were admirably officered,—they left nothing to desire. One of these, about eighteen years of age, wounded in the arm, was led to the rear by force: “Let me loose,” he cried; “such a scratch is not worth bandaging!” He was not to be held: he snatched a musket from one who was carrying that of a wounded comrade, and hastened back to the line of fire.

The cavalry at Novara, as generally in the two Italian campaigns, had little means of contributing to the glorious results obtained. The ground, intersected by ditches and rows of trees, is as unfavourable as possible to the movements of masses of horse, and with partial affairs of cavalry the Piedmontese were not disposed to indulge us, except under circumstances of great superiority of numbers. Small incidents did here and there occur, and one of these made mirth in the bivouac. At a moment when a picquet of our hussars fell upon a detachment of enemy's lancers, one of the Hulans rode out and cried "Jer hozzank mus Magaroth vagyank." (Come over to us, we are also Maygars.) A hussar rides out and cuts him down, with the reply, "En pedig Nemeth vagoth." (But I am a Deutscher.)

Of the Lombards, the band of heroes who clamoured to be set in the front of the battle, and who thought that the terror of their name, and of their profuse beards, would suffice to scatter the German barbarians, there was not a trace to be seen on the day of Novara. Our people had looked forward to the hour of meeting with these gentry as to a Sunday feast; and in most of our regiments a tacit understanding had been adopted that in such case not a cartridge should be burnt, but that

all should be left to the bayonet. These good resolutions, however, came to nothing, for the "prodi Lombardi," invisible, as we have said, to-day, were only twice caught sight of in the whole campaign, once at La Cava, where they ran at 2000 paces distance from our Jägers; these averring that the affair was like a stag hunt; the other time on the bank of the Ticino where the Kaiser Hulus one morning brought in 22 of them prisoners. Specimens of dead Lombards were with a few exceptions only found at Mortara, and these not in the front line, whence some asserted that they had been killed by their own countrymen. Where, however, were now the orators, the heroes of the streets of Genoa and Turin, always ready for street scandals,—the men who, by their big words about Italian independence and easy victory, had excited a people to war? What had the war ministry done for the army? what for the thousands whom it had sent to battle and to death? The troops, on their own soil, had wanted for every thing; at Novara they had been without provisions for three days, and yet the Piedmontese, and the Savoyards especially, fought bravely and well. Respect for such;—but the Lombards and the brigade Savona, which the king endeavoured in person to lead into action, were nowhere to be found,

and this was no fault of the king, for he played the part of a thorough soldier at Novara, and all accounts agree that where the bullets rained thickest he was to be seen. It is said that he sought to fall.

We remained long on our rising ground, bearing sometimes a little in advance, sometimes to the left, and awaiting with beating hearts the issue of the fight. Not that that issue after midday was doubtful, but the marshal wished the affair to end before nightfall, in order entirely to surround the enemy by the brilliant movement of the 4th corps before dark.

He stood near his horse, calm and grave, with steady glance and firm spirit, directing the affair. At times he followed with observant eye the movements of the masses, foretelling every result, at times sending off or receiving aide-de-camps with orders or reports—an answer to this officer, a new order to another. To our right the high road was covered with the advancing reserve, with sanitary waggons and processions of wounded. A gendarmerie corporal was often detached to make inquiry after the name and condition of some officer carried past. The field-marshal's surgeon, Dr. Wurzian, was active on his little black horse, affording his immediate services wherever it was possible, without removing himself too far from

the marshal's person. Towards six o'clock some 4000 grenadiers of the reserve corps marched up. The marshal smiled at the sight—he has his grenadiers in special affection. They came on well closed up, but almost at a trot, and the marshal expressed his opinion, “If my grenadiers set once to work the affair will soon be over.” But they never got to work. Towards six o'clock some cavalry in white cloaks were discerned on the hilly ground to our left. They were the advanced guard of the fourth corps. That corps placed itself *à cheval* on the road towards the enemy, and on all sides was commenced a fresh and hotter attack. Once more the artillery renewed its thunders, and for about a quarter of an hour the roar was astounding. Suddenly, however, as in a summer storm the roar ceased, and was followed only by sullen and single shots from a distant part of the action. The next moment there was a silence, but only for a moment. We gazed intently on the field, and an officer said “they are storming the position out yonder.” The artillery continued silent, but the rattle of musketry commenced with violence. Then came a long roll of the drums, and an uproarious never-ending hurrah indicated the spot where the enemy had just been overwhelmed by a home attack with the bayonet.

The same in all directions. The victory was ours. A few cannon shots still grumbled in the growing darkness, and the parabola of an occasional rocket was traceable more distinctly than before in the twilight sky. This was only an afterpiece. Night was closing in, the clouds hung grey and dismal over the blood-saturated field. Rain, gentle and steady, began to perform the office of friends and kindred, and to wash the corpses which none such were near to lay out and compose.

Our watchfires were lighted this night up to the walls of Novara, which was still occupied by the enemy. Wild noises reached us from the streets; here and there musket shots were heard, and red flames rose from burning houses. It was late when the staff began to retire, and when we reached the high road it was quite dark. The ride back to our quarters I shall not forget. Every thing I had gone through of this kind, even in Syria and Lebanon, was child's play in comparison. The staff formed a long column, with the marshal at its head. The road was, in every sense of the word, crammed. Artillery, baggage, stood so locked that all could only move together; and we came on all this in pitch darkness, and had to find a passage. This passage between the carriages was so narrow that our knees brought away

many tokens of their wheels, and we were glad to escape from the heels of their horses — brutes notorious for their evil disposition, — with unbroken limbs.

The columns often made room for us to the extent of about a couple of feet on the road side, and then our way lay over heaps of stones, and along the side of deep ditches filled with water, sometimes over upset baggage waggons. Litters and carts laden with wounded were mixed up in the mass, and the sighs and groans which reached us from these in the darkness, which spared us the sight, were distressing. After a ride of two hours, over ground which we had traversed in the morning in less than one hour, we reached Vespolate, a small place, which had the honour to lodge within its walls this night the conqueror of Novara. You may imagine that we passed a lively evening, and that the events of the day were discussed over and over again at our fire-side.

XI.

VESPOLATE. — INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF
SARDINIA.

VESPOLATE is a small place, distant about eight Italian miles from Novara. Already, during the night which followed the battle, flags of truce had arrived from the enemy requesting a suspension of arms. We received at the same time reports, which we had reason to credit, that Charles Albert had abdicated in favour of his son, Victor Emanuel, Duke of Savoy. On the following morning, the 29th, we were collected, as may be imagined, in high spirits, in the quarter of the field-marshal.

At an early hour we received a visit from the Piedmontese general Cossato, charged to repeat the expression of the King's desire for an armistice, and for a suspension of hostilities till the Chamber of Deputies at Turin could receive intelligence of what had happened. This proposal, which had during the night been received by General Hess,

who had remained on the field, and been rejected by him, was now as peremptorily rejected by the field-marshal, with the intimation that hostilities must continue without intermission. At the same time, however, allusion was made to other conditions, as those which could alone be entertained. These involved an Austrian occupation of the territory between the Ticino and the Sesia, and of half the town and fortress of Alessandria; the withdrawal of the Sardinian fleet from the Adriatic, and the immediate institution of negotiations for peace, between plenipotentiaries to be specially appointed by both powers. The field-marshal at the same time gave General Cossato to understand, in courteous but decided language, how little the previous conduct of the Piedmontese government had been calculated to inspire Austria, who had always dealt fairly and honourably, with confidence, and that negotiations could be thought of only under the strongest guarantees.

Shortly after, another flag of truce arrived, to communicate the desire of the new king, Victor Emanuel, for a personal conference with the field-marshal, near Novara. This was granted.

The head-quarter meanwhile was busily employed, so far as other duties permitted, in writing. In a large room of the ground-floor, every table

was in requisition as a desk ; for every one was anxious to convey to friends and relatives intelligence of the victory and of his own safety. Of those attached to the head-quarter, one officer only, an aide-de-camp, Major Molinary, had been hit. He had received a ball in the thigh, and had given us much anxiety during the night, for we had no tidings of him. He had, however, been brought in towards morning, and, after receiving the best assistance, was now reposing in a good bed up-stairs.

In the street there was much stir and movement. Groups of officers and soldiers were looking earnestly down the road towards Novara, in consequence of a false report that the King of Sardinia was to be expected in Vespolate. Opposite the church a great distribution of wine of the country among the soldiers was going on. Several trains of sanitary carriages were defiling with wounded, on their way to Pavia, whither the less serious cases were mostly transported.

I was lodged with a widow of the euphonious name Rosa Clerici, and shared my quarter as usual with Captain S., Auditor-General of Accounts. In the adjoining house were confined about a hundred Piedmontese prisoners. These had broken loose in the house, and plundered

every thing. Rosa Clerici, whose appearance was less lovely than her name, came to us, wringing her hands. The prisoners were of course soon brought back into bondage. Captain S. paraded them in the court-yard; and the ring-leaders, having been identified, received fifty blows each, carefully counted, and administered with much good will and solemnity by a Jäger corporal, from whose visage the powder of yesterday's fight had not yet been washed, and a gigantic grenadier. Some Piedmontese captured officers who came up thanked us cordially for this act of justice on men who had disgraced their service.

We had never been so impatient as on this morning for the order to set the head-quarter in motion. At last, towards one o'clock, the field-marshal mounted, and we followed towards Novara. We soon found ourselves again on the field of yesterday's conflict. Under a clear sky and sparkling sun, it displayed conspicuously to-day the ravages effected by the heavy sixteen-pound batteries of the Piedmontese. Trees of a foot in diameter had been mown down like stubble; furrows, deep and broad, had been ploughed in the spring corn by the shells; boundary stones and massive garden fences lay shattered

around. The song of larks*, soaring on all sides from the bloody field, seemed prophetic of a future and joyful resurrection to the poor victims who lay stiff and mangled around. A field of battle is a fearful spectacle, especially on the day which succeeds the struggle, when silence has resumed her reign, broken no longer by the salvos of artillery, the hurrah of the charge, the hiss of the rocket, or the whistling of the musket ball. "Forward, forward!" We soon reached Bicocca, a village where the fight of yesterday was hottest. From here onwards the troops were drawn up along the Chaussée, and an idea can scarcely be formed of the acclamation with which their grey-haired chief was welcomed. "Vivat!" "evviva!" and "eljen!"† bespoke the motley intermixture of races in our ranks, and the bands swelled the chorus with the Austrian Hymn. The inhabitants thronged the street and waved their hats. I must here observe how much I was struck with the friendly countenances which greeted us from the moment we had passed the Lombard frontier

* The writer may have had in his mind these lines from Göthe's *Faust*:—

"Wenn über uns im blauen Raum verloren
Ihr schmetternd Lied die Lerche singt."

† The Hungarian vivat.

and entered Piedmont; the inhabitants produced cheerfully every thing they had to furnish; and I must add, to the credit of our troops, that, with some trifling exceptions, I heard nothing of plunder. On the contrary, I have witnessed how our people, in an enemy's country, paid down their kreutzers for every thing they required. Such are the German barbarians; not so the noble Italians. We have passed through no one town or village in which the inhabitants had not a lamentable tale to tell, how they had been plundered to the last by the soldiers of their own sovereign, the illustrious Charles Albert. In Vespolate I saw with my own eyes how the Piedmontese prisoners confined there, and who wanted for nothing, broke open doors, and would have emptied chests and coffers, had they not been checked in time by their escort. At Novara the entire town was decorated with white flags, and from every balcony we were welcomed by the female inhabitants. Here also the roadway was occupied by our troops, and the military music vibrated powerfully in the narrow street, mingled with the soldiers' shouts. We hastened through the town towards Vignale, a small village, fixed upon as the place for the remarkable interview appointed, as we understood, to occur between the

field-marshal and the King. This engagement, however, was not kept by the *Spada d' Italia*, but the Duke of Savoy, now King of Sardinia, was substituted in his place. As far as Vignale our troops were ranged on the road. Many a battalion made but a scanty muster; the ranks of many a regiment, which the day before had covered much ground, now stood in small compass; but those who remained were sound and cheerful; and where one by chance stood alone from his fellows, he moved his cap and shouted his loudest. Sad was the sight as the bier in the hospital carriage passed towards the rear with its suffering burthen; but even from these we could hear a feeble "*vivat!*" or a hollow "*eljen!*" as the marshal passed, and the hand, if uninjured, was waved to salute him. There is something very moving in the love shown by the soldier fresh from the bloody field for his leader,—a faster bond than that of any discipline. I saw wounded soldiers who could only salute the old man with a glance, but that glance conveyed the question, "Are you not satisfied with us?" Before the battle no soldier asked, "Whither are you leading us?" We have lost many of our people: many are wounded; and the character of the officers of our service

may be inferred from the fact, that out of from ten to twelve wounded one is an officer. Enough, however, of these mournful details. We presently reached Vignale: and after the field-marshal, surrounded by a numerous and brilliant suite, had waited a short time in the centre of the village, the King of Sardinia, with his staff, came up to us at a fast gallop. I cannot say that this young sovereign has anything very imposing or dignified in his exterior; he is small of stature, rolls his eyes in a singular manner, and wears copious beard and whiskers of a flaxen hue. His apparel was fantastic: he wore a kind of Polish coat richly embroidered, a pelisse, like that of our hussars, and a foraging cap. In his suite, among divers great personages unknown, and as fantastically arrayed, were the two Generals La Marmora, of whom the one is the organiser and commandant of the, so called, corps of Bersaglieri (sharpshooters, among the best of the Piedmontese troops); he had received in the last year's campaign, at Goito, a shot through both cheeks: the other is the same who has made it his occupation to publish every imaginable abuse and calumny of the Austrian troops. The King kissed the field-marshal, the suite saluted us, with what feelings you may imagine: the King, the field-marshal,

and General Hess then rode into the courtyard of an adjoining house, where, after our four days' campaign, the negotiations for peace commenced. It was a great historical moment. The three principals stood together in the centre, and in a wide circle round the Sereschaners, in their red and embroidered costume. One of my acquaintance here, the young Count Schönfeld, of the Kaiser hussars, who had been sent forward to the King to give him notice of the field-marshal's arrival, related to me that the King had come out to meet him from a farm-house at full gallop, and, among other observations, had told him, "You have taken from me at Mortara six horses, such as I can never replace; there is a dark brown among them, if you meet with his present owner, warn him that he is given to rear and fall over." One of these animals, a splendid black, was at this moment mounted by an equerry of the field marshal in his suite; and when the King noticed him, the old gentleman, with the utmost courtesy, restored him to his majesty. The negotiations lasted about four hours, and, as we hear, were conducted on the basis of the stringent conditions communicated in my last. As it would seem a peace was concluded. At all events after the King's departure at his usual gallop, an order was

issued to all the divisions of the army to advance no further, but to maintain their actual positions. Although the road to Novara was covered with numerous columns of troops of every arm and carriages of all descriptions, we rode back to that town at a sharp pace, the Sereschaners with their fluttering mantles in the van. A storm had gathered in the sky, which was streaked with lightning, the soldiers again shouted as we passed, the linstocks of the artillery gleamed like glow-worms through the darkness, the horses shied and plunged. It was a wild ride.

XII.

THE PIEDMONTESE ARMY AND ITS OPERATIONS.

THUS, by one decisive battle, the campaign was ended, and not a full week had elapsed since Field-Marshal Radetsky had moved out of Milan. No one ever had a better right to the motto — “Veni, vidi, vici.” Against whom had this success been achieved? Not against militia and national guards, but against an army well disciplined, and in one main particular, artillery, admirably provided. With what relative numbers? In the first half of the battle of Novara, General d’Aspre, at Olengo, had, with less than 20,000 men, maintained his position against 50,000.

The Piedmontese army had suffered terrible losses in the last campaign. After the capitulation of Milan the King could rally not more than 30,000 men fit for service, the rest were dispersed or in hospital. At the moment of the arrangement of the armistice 18,000 were on the hospital list for fever or wounds. The organisation of the medical staff was bad. The artillery

and cavalry had best preserved their discipline and spirit. The soldier, conscious of having done his duty, threw the responsibility of his defeat upon his chiefs, and was satisfied in the conviction that with better guidance he would have defeated the Austrian. He had hopes in this particular for the future. The army was committed to the very skilful hands, as they were universally reputed, of General Chrzanowsky, and formed a mass of 120,000 men. Of this mass, however, a portion was to be distinguished as fit only for occasional duties of internal defence. The force applicable to general service consisted of eight divisions, and at the moment of the denouncement of the armistice was thus distributed:—The advanced guard, 3,500 men, in Castel San Giovanni and Fiancanguola: 1st division, Lieutenant-General Durando (the same who had commanded the papal troops at Vicenza) in Valenza, Mede, Lumello; 2nd division, Lieutenant-General Bes, in Mortara, Vigevano, and Gambolo; 3rd division, General Perone, in Casale, Gattinara, and Torino; 4th division, the Duke of Genoa, second son of the King, in Novara, Vercelli, &c.; 5th division (the Lombards), General Ramorino, in Alessandria, Bosco, Solero; reserve division, Crown-Prince, Duke of Savoy, in Casale, Vercelli, Trino;

6th division, Major-General Alphonso la Marmora, in Sarzana; 7th division, Major-General Solaroli, in Arona; corps of engineers in Alessandria; artillery reserve in Alessandria; mounted guides, in Vercelli. The four first divisions and the reserve were each some 10,500 strong; the Lombards 7500; the sixth 7000, the seventh 5000. The latter two were formed out of reserve battalions. The engineer corps amounted to 2000 or 2300 men. The active army, therefore, formed a force which might without exaggeration be stated at 80,000 men, of whom 65,000 were good troops, and some 15,000 had to make their character. The artillery consisted of 21 batteries of 8 pieces each, 18 Piedmontese, and 3 Lombard, 168 pieces in all.

The Piedmontese artillery is among the best in Europe, and the material eminently good. The cavalry counted six Piedmontese regiments from 600 to 700 horses in each. The trooper carries a lance, a straight sword, a carbine called *pistoline*, which is stuck in a holster; his head dress is a helmet. To these are to be added 3 squadrons of guides, 100 horses each, a regiment of Lombard light horse, and one, still incomplete, of Lombard dragoons very richly dressed. The Piedmontese cavalry is good, from 5000 to 6000 horsemen. The King commanded in chief, Chrzanowsky was

general-major, and undertook the responsibility of operations; General Alexander la Marmora was chief of the general staff; General Cossato, second in its command; General Rossi commanded the artillery, Colonel d'Alberti the engineers. The army had at its disposal a siege park of artillery of eighty pieces.

Charles Albert set much store by his cavalry and artillery. At the commencement of the former campaign he was heard to declare that he was impatient for the moment when his cavalry should come in contact with the Austrian, although he fully recognised the high qualities of the latter. The Piedmontese cavalry, nevertheless, failed to distinguish itself; serious cavalry affairs did not occur, and in small it had always the worst. A captain of Hulans related to me, that being posted with his squadron at St. Lucia, he was ordered to effect a *reconnaissance* towards Villa Franca, which place was strongly occupied by the enemy. His advanced guard fell upon a detachment of dragoons, which was advancing for the same purpose towards St. Lucia. The latter retired on their main body 400 strong, and their fire at least three times the force of the Austrians. The dragoons were overthrown and driven back on Villa Franca, with a loss of twelve

killed and twenty-two, with their horses, prisoners. The Hulans had a lieutenant severely and some men slightly wounded. The success would have been greater if the troops could have spread out on either side the road, which, as usual, was impossible.

These Piedmontese dragoons are their best cavalry ; they ride large and rather heavy horses, generally German, are armed with a very long and heavy lance, which they usually sling from the left arm, and with a sword, also long and heavy. This equipment and the style of their horses makes their attack slow and less impetuous than that of the Austrian cavalry. Neither are they so adroit in the use of their weapons, and therefore in hand-to-hand work they generally have the worst of it. The artillery is, as I have said, excellent, its horses very good, and its practice quick. They have also the great advantage that their field batteries oppose 16 to our 12-pounders. They have tall wheels with very small powder boxes ; their ammunition waggons are of extraordinary solidity and beauty. They do not shoot better than the Austrians, but their range is wider, for their pieces have less windage, and their powder thus acquires more force. Their practice was best at 1000 to 1200

paces, for which reason the Austrians took care to get as near them as possible, as in that case they generally fired too high. They are clever with shrapnels, and did us a good deal of damage with them at Novara.

The Piedmontese infantry is not excellent. The men are generally small, weak, and not highly drilled. They are not fond of close action, fire at great distances, though well; and are averse to engaging in the open field. I believe that no instance occurred, in either of the two campaigns of their standing before, still less of their repulsing, a bayonet attack. Conscious of their weakness they were usually entrenched to the teeth, wherever this was feasible, and seldom to be tempted beyond their defences. All Italian troops, Romans and Neapolitans as well as Piedmontese, have fought well behind defences; and where they can lay their musquet on a rest, their aim is good. The Austrians on such occasions, feeling the disadvantage of exchanging shots with an enemy under cover, seldom lost time in that amusement, but gave a hurrah and closed with the bayonet; the defences were in general soon carried; the Italians flung away arms and knapsacks, and cried, "*misericordia, prego la vita.*"

One of their best corps was that of the Bersag-

lieri (Savoy sharpshooters); they have excellent rifles, loading from the breech, with which, when behind cover, they did much mischief to the Austrians at from 600 to 800 paces.

With respect to General Chrzanowsky's conduct of the operations I cannot refrain from inserting here an extract from the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of April, which contains a pregnant and just criticism by a German officer.

"As the political position of Austria in Italy made it more than desirable, in fact essential, to bring the new hostilities to as rapid and decisive a conclusion as possible, involving the necessity for her to give an offensive character to the conduct of her operations, it was as clearly and decidedly the policy of Piedmont to act on the defensive, whether the subject be considered in a military or a political point of view. The superiority of the Austrian in the open field was not to be questioned. In no view, tactical or moral, are any Italian troops to be set by the side of the Austrian. The disparity between the leaders was equally obvious. Did Chrzanowsky indeed feel that he was a match for Radetsky? He is by this time cured of such a delusion. Political considerations should have induced them to avoid any decisive engagement, to keep Radetsky as

long as possible at bay, in order to afford time to the Lombards to organise effective insurrections, on which indeed their calculations in no slight degree rested. A fourteen days' resistance on the lines of the Sesia and the Po, which with their excellent artillery ought not to have been difficult, would have compelled Radetsky to make detached expeditions, such as would have mutilated severely his bold dispositions [for the offensive: then would have arrived the first opportunity for a sudden substitution of the offensive; an opportunity with better chance of the result.

“What results may be obtained by a steady defensive, with troops even moderately well organised, who do not want for courage, has been shown by the Hungarian operations on the Theiss. We are convinced that the Polish element extant in the Piedmontese army, in the person of its commander and others, would here, as well as in Hungary, have made warm work for the Austrians. Sardinia's own experiences might have made her wiser, even without the example of Hungary. Had she forgotten the operations of the past year, from July 23rd to August 6th? Victorious on the Mincio, they had then buried themselves like moles in the earth; they thus wasted the time for action, till Radetsky, having collected

his resources, drove them with one blow before him to Milan, leaving their entrenched positions and heavy artillery behind; and did they now imagine that they could, at the outset of hostilities, dispensing with all strong points of support, assume with advantage a mere offensive? We, of course, intend by the term 'vigorous defensive,' not the inactive stand-fast position of the Piedmontese on the Mincio, but a well connected alternation of attack and defence, and the maintenance of a defined district.

"The weak points of the Piedmontese position have been noticed elsewhere. We have now to consider how Chrzanowsky did operate from it, and how he might have operated in order to repair past errors; for that Pavia and the favourable position on the Gravellone had been so entirely neglected was an error, as inexplicable as unpardonable. If we acknowledge it to be the duty of a subaltern on an outpost to prepare himself for all the chances of attack to which his position is liable, we shall be the more surprised at the enormous incaution with which an offensive operation was commenced by the Polish commander.

"According to the reports Chrzanowski crossed the Ticino at Buffalora, on the 20th March, with 20,000 men, and advanced to Magenta. A recon-

naissance to Sodriano produced the knowledge that this road was clear of the enemy, from which the inference was unquestionable that Radetsky attached no immediate importance to the possession of Milan, and had selected another line of operations. Now appeared for the first time the vast importance of Pavia. The idea of marching thither was conceived. It remained, however, an idea, which it was not only too late to reduce to practice, but if executed could have little chance of success as a demonstration in Radetsky's rear. It was rightly conjectured that Radetsky, who had made the sacrifice of Milan for the purpose of operating *en masse*, would only be assisted in his object by any detachment or division of the Piedmontese force which would enable him to destroy it in detail. Chrzanowsky now fell back upon Novara. Again an error. What had he to do at Novara now that it was certain that Radetsky had crossed the Ticino at Pavia? It was his business to operate on the shortest line from Magenta to Vigevano by Abbiate Grasso, to unite his two corps, and with a superior force throw himself on the communications of the Austrians by Gambolo towards Trumello. If he had not found the Austrians there he would have lost nothing; on the contrary, for, as it would then

have been clear that Radetsky was moving, not upon Novara, but in the south, he would have gained the concentration of his own forces against those of the enemy. Chrzanowsky went indeed himself to Vigevano, and thereby recognised the strategic importance of that point, but failed to conduct his flanking operations with the vigour and audacity which the opportunity for striking at the heel of Achilles, the communications of the Austrians, demanded. It was a moment for a blow which might have repaired every thing, and opened the way for a successful offensive. He threw only 12,000 men upon Gambolo, and was, of course, overwhelmed.

“Had the corps of the Austrian general, Wohlgemuth, been defeated at Gambolo, the consequence would have placed Radetsky in great difficulty. Just as the Piedmontese were now compelled to evacuate Vigevano, would the Austrians have been obliged to abandon their conquest of Mortara. At Gambolo the Piedmontese had to succeed or to perish. Radetsky, by this successful engagement and the Piedmontese evacuation of Vigevano, attained an improved communication with the Ticino, which secured him against any further vicissitudes of importance.

“After these slaps in the face Chrzanowsky

concentrated his forces at Olengo and round Novara. We read in no report of an endeavour to obtain a last strategic communication with Vercelli. Another error. Were the tactical advantages of the position of Novara such as to dispense with all strategical considerations? We are not acquainted with the ground, but we know that the unlucky gamester who, to repair former losses, sets his all upon a card, if he loses is ruined. Such was the concentration at Novara. To risk every thing on such a position, however great its tactical advantages, a man should have victory in his pocket.

“The first act of the drama, that of Olengo, might appear to invalidate our argument. Only, however, in appearance, for it was nothing but an error of the Austrian commanders, which afforded some chance to the Piedmontese. Chrzanowsky had hitherto committed only strategic blunders; he added to these a tactical mistake. General Baron d’Aspre allowed his own impetuosity to engage him seriously with the Piedmontese without due knowledge of their strength, and for some hours 20,000 Austrians were in close action with 50,000 men, without a possibility of immediate support. With whom was the hard fighting here? Not on the part of the Piedmontese. When d’Aspre, re-

peatedly repulsed, brought up again to the assault evidently the same battalions, redeeming his own mistake with the blood of brave men, Chrzanowsky should have recognised the real state of things, and with his far superior force, which he did not know how to use, have assumed the boldest offensive in order to crush his opponent. That d'Aspre and the brave Archduke Albert should have been unable to overthrow an enemy three times superior in numbers is intelligible enough. The converse could hardly have held good.

“ We confess that we had expected better things of Chrzanowsky.”

XIII.

NOVARA.

ON our return in the evening to Vignale, it was long before I could reach my quarter in the Albergo d'Italia. I had ridden with General Schönhals forward among the Sereschaners, and was obliged to wait for my orderly, Weiler, who was near the tail of the column, and was one of the last to arrive.

The billets were distributed in a small piazza of the town. There was a great concourse of horses and horsemen, all pressing round our excellent quarter-master Lieutenant Buckhain, to whom I have to express my obligations for his care of myself on all occasions. There was much clamour and inquiry for each other among officers and orderlies, masters and servants. Upon this confusion a fine rain began to fall, threatening to extinguish the torches by which the scene was illuminated.

One actor after another left the piazza; in all directions the hoof-tramp died away in the distance. I was at last alone. No Weiler made

his appearance. The tall houses which surrounded the place rose dark and dead before me. I did not, however, feel my solitude as such ; for this was the first moment of mental quiet and repose I had been able for several days and nights to enjoy — the first of leisure I could employ to review, while yet fresh in my memory, the transactions I had witnessed. If the campaign had been short, too short for our wishes, it had been, from that peculiarity, the more extraordinary as a chapter in my life.

A hoof-tramp at last caught my ear, rapidly approaching. I recognised a white mantle, and under it my excellent orderly, who had been long seeking me. We entered the Albergo d'Italia together, and found its light and animation a contrast to the silent street we had left. The court of this hotel was, as is usual in this part of Italy, surrounded by a colonnade, under which the horses, not accommodated in the stables, were fastened. Large lanterns shed their light on the scene, and gave their aid to the process of unsaddling. The inner space was entirely filled with carriages of every description. From the *salle à manger* in the first floor rang out peals of laughter ; it was the place of assemblage for most of the officers of head-quarters. I soon joined

them, and I passed another memorable evening of my life in listening to the details of the recent great battle.

Heaven had favoured the field-marshal with a fine sample of early spring for his campaign. Since we left Milan it had been warm, sometimes even hot, and the fields had been dry and firm, to the great comfort of the troops on the bivouac. All the accompaniments of an Italian spring, skies of clear and tender blue, the buzz of insect life, the aspect of budding vegetation, the perfume of the vine-blossom (at Novara we stood long in a vineyard), had combined in our favour.

Here, however, in Novara all had suddenly changed; it had become cool, and during the early part of the night a small cold rain had fallen, which before morning had been succeeded by snow. I shivered to think of our poor people in their bivouac. The snow, however, did not remain long, and in the town it had disappeared before evening.

Novara, although the capital of a province and the seat of a bishop, is not large. It contains about 12,000 inhabitants. It is situated on a gentle elevation, surrounded by decayed walls and bastions, and contains a castle, picturesque from its state of ruin and the ivy which covers it.

This building is quadrangular, moated, and dates from the thirteenth century. Over the entrance, the eye of an antiquarian may detect, though with some difficulty, the serpent of the Visconti arms. Two long straight streets divide the town into four quarters. The field-marshal was lodged near the Albergo d'Italia, in a palace of the Bellini family, a handsome and extensive building.

Nothing was known for certain as to the duration of our residence in Novara ; but we expected to return to Milan so soon as the armistice should be definitely arranged. This was completed by the 26th March, when it received the signatures of the king, Victor Emanuel, and the field-marshal. Its conditions were as follows : —

“ Art. 1. The King of Sardinia decidedly and solemnly engages that he will, as soon as possible, conclude a peace with his majesty the Emperor of Austria. The armistice is to be only a prelude to the same.

“ Art. 2. The King of Sardinia will, as soon as possible, dissolve those corps which have been formed of Lombard, Hungarian, and Polish subjects of his majesty the Emperor, with the power, at his discretion, to receive some of the officers of the same into his army. His excellency Field-Marshal Radetsky binds himself, in the name of

his imperial majesty, that a full amnesty shall be granted to the aforesaid soldiers for their return into the imperial states.

“ Art. 3. The King of Sardinia allows that, during the armistice, 18,000 men, infantry, and 2000 cavalry, shall occupy the territory between the Po, the Sesia, and the Ticino, and one half of the fortress of Alessandria. This military occupation is to exercise no influence on the civil and judicial administration of the district in question. The troops specified may form the half of the garrison of the town and citadel of Alessandria, to the extent of 5000 men, while the other half may consist of Sardinian troops. His majesty pledges his royal word for the security of the imperial troops ; the subsistence of these 20,000 men and 2000 horses is to be provided at the cost of the Sardinian government, under regulation of a military commission. The King of Sardinia will cause to be evacuated the Duchies of Modena, Parma, and the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, as also all districts now occupied by his troops which did not before the war belong to Sardinia.

“ Art. 4. As the entry of the half of the garrison of Alessandria, which is to consist of Austrian troops, cannot, for three or four days, take place,

the king pledges himself for the regular entry of that portion into the fortress.

“ Art. 5. The Sardinian fleet, sailing-vessels and steamers, shall, without exception, leave the Adriatic within fourteen days, and betake itself to the Sardinian states. The King of Sardinia will issue the most positive orders to his troops, and will require all his other subjects presently in Venice to return forthwith to the Sardinian states, under the threat that they will be excluded from the benefits of any capitulation which may hereafter be concluded with the Austrian military authorities.

“ Art. 6. The King of Sardinia promises, in order to evince his earnest wish for an early and lasting peace with his imperial majesty, to reduce his army as speedily as possible.

“ Art. 7. The king, in virtue of his right to determine on peace and war, declares this agreement for an armistice inviolable.

“ Art. 8. The king will, without delay, send an agent, with full powers *ad hoc*, to a place to be designated by agreement, there to open the negotiation for a peace.

“ Art. 9. The peace, and its special provisions, shall be negotiated independently of this armistice, after the meeting of the agents of both powers.

His excellency Field-Marshal Radetsky will hold himself bound to communicate without delay to the imperial court the lively desire of his majesty the King of Sardinia for a lasting peace with his imperial Majesty.

“ Art. 10. The conditions of this armistice are binding for the whole time occupied in negotiations for peace, and in case of their breaking off ten days’ notice must be given of a resumption of hostilities.

“ Art. 11. Prisoners of war will be immediately surrendered on either side.

“ Art. 12. The imperial troops will stop their further advance, and those which may have crossed the Sesia will return to form the garrison of the territory above designated.”

The King, Charles Albert, had disappeared, and all we knew of him was that he had renounced his throne. We heard, however, that during the battle he had obstinately exposed himself to the hottest fire, and even till late in the evening had courted death in front of the walls of the town till General Durando had seized him by the arm and led him away from a position of imminent and useless danger. Charles Albert had resisted, exclaiming, “ Let me die, general; this is my last day.” The unhappy sovereign was soon, however,

convinced that further resistance was hopeless, and that he would have to implore an armistice to be purchased by hard conditions. He, therefore, declared his task ended, and expressed his firm resolution to abdicate in favour of his son, the Duke of Savoy. The latter, as well as the Duke of Genoa, the minister Cadorna, General Chrzanowsky, and the other officers near his person, endeavoured to dissuade him from this step. Charles Albert, however, replied with calm and resolution, "My determination is irrevocable. I am no longer your king. There stands your sovereign, my son Victor Emanuel."

XIV.

SANTA ROSALIA.

ON one of our days of rain and gloom I sallied forth with the intention of visiting the military hospitals. My first visit was to the principal of these receptacles, the great hospital of the town, a very fine building in the shape of a cross, with extensive vaulted compartments, clean, and well kept. The ordinary number of beds were well furnished with all requisites, and to these had been added as many as could be provided from elsewhere. The number of the wounded, however, far exceeded the resources at hand, and the corridors were occupied by the less severely wounded, who lay upon straw, waiting impatiently for vacancies in the rooms, which vacancies occurred, alas! but too frequently in the first few days after the battle.

One of the clergy in attendance accompanied me over the establishment. It was a spectacle of human suffering in all its varieties. One man lay with his eyes fixed, absorbed in his own sensations, and unconscious of surrounding objects ;

another was raving in the delirium of fever; but most of them were able to acknowledge any attention, and ready to enter into conversation. Those slightly wounded were full of hope of speedy recovery; the amputated thanked God for having passed that trial, and were satisfied that the emperor, for whom they had bled, would take care of their future destiny. One of these observed in my hearing, "I shall be a sight when I return home with one arm, and I shall tell them of father Radetsky, and how well we were led by Hess and Schönhals!" Many asked after the fate of their officers, and how it had fared with this or that captain or lieutenant whom they had seen struck down. They had placed the medals they had won on the tables at their bed side. All spoke low in order to avoid awaking or disturbing their neighbours, and a whispering murmur ran through the long apartment. There were many visitors present. A Hungarian hussar was sitting looking anxiously into the countenance of a comrade, which peered out from the white bed-clothes, darker and more like bronze than ever, and insensible to his friend's presence and attention. An artilleryman was writing a letter for a comrade; a little further lay one with a face terribly mangled, listening while a friend read aloud a

letter from his home. His bandages were wetted the while with tears. He thought, perhaps, how will she from whom the letter comes bear the sight, should the face look in at her door which the enemy's dragoons have so disfigured. He kissed the letter, and thrust it under his pillow.

As I issued from this abode of suffering I found the aspect of the town congenial to the scenes I had been witnessing. It was a dismal rainy day, a strong wind swept the streets, and the soldiers, wrapped in their cloaks, crowded under porticoes and doorways for shelter. I followed to another hospital a party of four men who were carrying a wounded man on a litter. There was more of the picturesque and poetical about this place than the one I had left. It was the Capuchin church of St. Rosalia. I gazed up at the tall and gloomy entrance. Some old statues of monks in niches had preserved upon their stone cowls some of the snow which had fallen so unexpectedly the day before. The rain, however, was fast melting it, and heavy drops were trickling down the sculptured beards like tears for the human misery collected within the walls. Piedmontese hospital attendants in their blue uniforms, and surgeons of all ranks and of both services, stood in groups round the entrance. I lifted the heavy curtain

and entered the church. Its temperature has an agreeable contrast to the damp chill of the streets. The atmosphere was heavy with that well-known perfume of incense which is so intimately associated with all the churches and the ritual of the Romish religion. It was here in pleasing harmony with the genial warmth and the religious gloom of the place. The lofty windows were hung partly with old green curtains, and where these were wanting with others of various colour and material raised for the occasion. As in all Capuchin churches, the interior was little decorated. The walls were of a grey stone colour, the ornaments of dark wood, chairs and benches and pulpit rudely carved. Over the altar hung a faded oil picture, before which lights in wooden candlesticks were burning.

The effect of the whole was of a solemn and tranquillising character, well calculated to relieve the painful impression which the other objects as they met the eye could not but produce. The pavement was covered with straw and provided with pillows and blankets, and on this impromptu couch long ranks of wounded were arranged of both armies, of all descriptions of service, and suffering from every kind of injury which the chances of war could inflict. Near the sufferers

lay torn articles of equipment and blood-stained fragments of dress; arms of all kind were arranged round the pillars; at one couch the surgeon was applying or changing a bandage, at another a wounded man, unable to move, was fed by a hospital attendant; round a third, surgeons were washing their hands after some terrible operation, and watching the feeble indications of animation which it had left with looks and whispers which expressed at once their sympathy and their apprehensions for the result. The light flickered with a singular effect through the party-coloured hangings of the windows, and transferred their motley hues to the opposite walls. At the high altar, the gloom of which was made only more sensible by the feeble light of the tall thin tapers kindled before it, an old Capuchin was saying a murmured mass. As he stood on the step elevated above the level of the nave, a single ray of light, through a chink in the curtain, fell upon his venerable head, and irradiated it like the glory in a sacred picture. The religious service seemed to cheer and soothe many of the sufferers, for many directed their faces towards the altar, and many moved their lips in silent prayer. Monks were moving up and down among the rows of wounded, affording bodily or spiritual assistance. I never

saw in similar space such a variety of feature and countenance. The legend of each nationality here represented was to be read in sharp and decided characters. Germany, Bohemia, Styria, Hungary, Croatia, Savoy, and Piedmont, all had their delegates. No countenances affected me more painfully in the moments of anguish and approaching dissolution than the last mentioned, the Piedmontese. The waxen complexion contrasted with the coal black hair, the large dark eye, and the white teeth, elements of beauty in life and health, were now terrible to the gaze.

In a corner of the church lay a Piedmontese with his head supported on the step of a confessional. Before him a young girl was kneeling, earnestly whispering somewhat which occasionally summoned up a faint smile on the wan features of the wounded man; the white teeth were shown for an instant, and the lips were soon again compressed with anguish. She was asking a question which he apparently declined to answer, for he several times shook his head. His lower limbs were close wrapped in a blanket.

"Speak now, tell me," said she, "give me your hand, Carlo." He gave her his right hand from under the covering. "That is well. Now the left." That also was given, and she kissed them

both passionately. "The Madonna be praised! We thought you had lost an arm. We prayed for you yesterday," she continued, "all through that terrible firing, Teresina and I. I wanted to go to you yesterday with my mother, but when my brother came home and told me—he was as pale as death, Carlo, you are not at this moment so pale—and told me that you had been wounded, my mother refused to take me with her, and to-day I am come by stealth to see what ails you."

Her tears dropped on the face of her lover as she spoke. He motioned to her to leave him, but she would not regard the signal, and continued to busy herself about his couch.

"They have given you at least a bed," she continued. "The others are almost all upon straw." She here suddenly turned pale. "Carlo," she said, "dear Carlo, put out your foot, you must not lie thus doubled up."

"I cannot. I have been hit by a cannon shot," he replied in a hollow voice.

"And you have lost your left foot?" she asked, with her eyes tearless, but staring.

"Ay," he replied firmly, and with a glance heavenwards, "my left and my right too. Both are gone."

With a slight, but heart-rending shriek, she

sank to the ground. A Capuchin, who had been attentive to the interview, raised her up, and whispered, "Patience, my daughter; God is merciful."

She shook her head, and said gently, "In a month we were to have been married." The Capuchin placed her on the steps of the confessional, wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his brown robe, and passed on slowly down the nave of the church.

The old mother approached the couch. The three were silent for awhile. The mother then seemed to be attempting words of consolation, the girl listened attentively, the soldier with a bitter smile. I left them together, and quitted the church.

I returned thither after dark. Lanthorns and torches had been lighted. The sounds of hard breathing indicated that many of the sufferers were enjoying oblivion of their pain in sleep, but others were restless and groaning. The old Capuchin who had said mass in the day was asleep in a stall. Several soldiers of the surgical staff were sitting round a lanthorn at their evening meal. The old woman was still at the couch of the young soldier. The girl slept in a corner of the confessional. Just over her head were images of

the Madonna and child,—small figures, well sculptured in wood, with a perpetually burning lamp before them. Lighted up by this the countenance of the Virgin mother seemed to look down with compassion on the poor sleeper below, whose beautiful features were more visible than when I had seen her by day. The lamplight fell also on the couch of the sufferer, and the whole formed a picture of bright lights and deep shadows which the fancy of a Correggio could hardly have conceived, or his skill have embodied.

I visited the church two days later, and found the ranks of sufferers much thinned. Many had been transferred to the great hospital, many to those abodes which the affection of surviving comrades had already distinguished by small wooden crosses. The couch also of the young Piedmontese was untenanted, and the surgeon whom I interrogated replied, that the young Piedmontese had never reached the great hospital.

XV.

LIFE IN NOVARA.—DEPUTATIONS.

THE aspect of the streets in a town occupied by an enemy is entertaining, even when that enemy does not behave as such to the inhabitants. In the night after the battle the Piedmontese, who had been driven in great numbers into Novara, committed terrible excesses. The bond of military obedience no longer existed, and the mutinous soldiery paid no deference to the commands of their officers, or even to the voice of their sovereign who traversed the streets, endeavouring in vain to check plunder and destruction of property. There were madmen found to lift their hand and point their weapons against his person.

Influenced by these occurrences the King left the town during the night, and with a broken heart in the bosom of a thorough soldier,—for such he unquestionably was, and such he proved himself throughout the disastrous day of March 28th. That broken heart has since, in a foreign land, ceased to beat. Peace to his ashes!

On that night Count Thurn, in command of the

4th corps of the Austrian army, had taken up his quarters in a small country house, a few miles from the town. Towards one o'clock a travelling carriage, escorted by some hussars from the advanced posts, was driven up to the door. A tall and haggard man descended from it, with the paleness of death and the expression of despair on his features. He desired to speak with the commandant, and on his request being granted introduced himself as the Count Barge, a Piedmontese Colonel who had retired from service, and was on his way to Nice. The army, he declared, was entirely defeated, and in a state of disorganisation, amounting to open mutiny against its officers, who were endeavouring to prevent it from plundering their own fellow-subjects.

To an inquiry from Count Thurn whether the town had been re-fortified, he replied in the negative, adding, that the bastions had long been destroyed, that no new defences had been thrown up, and that the citadel itself had no means of defence. He thereupon requested permission to continue his journey, which was granted by Count Thurn. The night was cold, the rain descended in torrents, and an offer by Count Thurn of a cup of coffee was thankfully accepted. As he drove off the count said to him, "*Sire, je vous souhaite un*

bon voyage." A young man who had waited without entered the carriage with him, and the pair pursued their journey at the utmost speed of the horses. The traveller was Charles Albert, who, after abdicating his crown, was leaving his army.

The complaints of the inhabitants of Novara of the conduct of some of the soldiers were not exaggerated. They had not contented themselves with the excusable excesses which starving men will commit in the search for and plunder of provisions. They had emptied jewellers' shops and committed acts of incendiarism. Several proofs of this were exhibited to us, in the shape of charred timbers and heaps of ashes. The shops in question were fortunately vaulted and the houses solid, or the damage would have been more extensive. Only a few buildings were consumed.

In the neighbourhood of the theatre stands the principal *café* of the town, and here the mutineers had been in possession. They had not only consumed every thing eatable or drinkable, but had destroyed the chairs, shattered the marble tables, and shot the mirrors to pieces. In several private houses they had behaved no better.

Our troops in entering the town observed the strictest discipline, and their reception was most

cordial. The number of those who entered was about 6000, chiefly infantry. In the market-place alone some cavalry bivouacked, a squadron of the Radetsky Hussars. They stalled their horses with plenty of straw under the arcades which surround the place, and passed the night there wrapped in their white cloaks. The streets were, as might be supposed, thronged both with these troops regularly quartered there, and with men on leave from the army without, who came to look about them, or to make purchases. The latter were not free to wander at discretion, but were formed into small detachments which perambulated the town, each under command of a non-commissioned officer, and observing strict order.

One corporal, after mustering his company, asked all round whether each man was provided with the money necessary for his purposes. Having satisfied himself on this point, he said, "Now, then, take your muskets too, and you will get all you buy one half cheaper." The old corporal knew the Italians.

The rigid discipline of the army was not favourable to bargains with the natives, and the abuse was such that now and then an exertion of the strong hand was necessary to prevent outrageous extortion. The appearance of the soldiers was

that of hard service, as they came in wearing the mantles in which they had slept on the wet and muddy field. Their beards, too, were of the longest, but they were cheerful in the consciousness of well-earned success.

Long trains of forage waggons defiled along the streets, and men of all cavalry regiments were riding in various directions — the Hungarian hussar cantering and curvetting, with his head and his mustachio alike up in the world; the German trooper, serious and slow, not easily to be moved from his walking pace or his grave equanimity.

The same respective characteristics distinguish these troops in action. The hussar rushes at his enemy with a wild hurrah, and at full gallop: his shock is violent, and fully intended to break the mass opposed to him at the first onset. Horse and man are equally excited; the latter with his eye inflamed, his pelisse flying out behind, and its embroidery glistening in the sun, darts, like the serpent on its prey. If the enemy give way the hussar is among his broken ranks in an instant, and what he specially delights in is the pursuit of some single fugitive. On his light and active horse, he rides round him and cuts him down. If his first onset fails before resistance it is seldom

difficult to beat him back ; for, brave as he is in single fray, he is less partial to fighting in a body and with a front well closed up.

The German trooper, on the contrary, moves forward slow and determined ; if, with his powerful horse, he fails to drive back his enemy, he still bites into his ranks, and hewing about him with his heavy blade, he gains ground with a pressure gradual but irresistible, and either the enemy or himself must succumb.

In one of the Italian actions an hussar was despatched with a written order to the commandant of a chain of skirmishers. " Do you see that fir-tree ?" said his officer. " Ride there, and you will find the officer of the outpost somewhere near it." " Good," said the hussar ; fixed the tree with a sure eye, and gave the spur to his horse. Meanwhile, the enemy's skirmishers had changed position ; one flank being thrown back, the other advanced, so that the latter now occupied the ground in advance of the fir-tree. The hussar, keeping the tree in his eye, rode through the enemy's line as well as his own, and disregarding numerous shots which were aimed at him, reached the tree and naturally found no officer near it. After looking quietly about him he was cantering back, when two Hulans observed and pursued him. In the mid

space between the two lines of skirmishers, he turned round, and, relying on his active horse, faced them both. After a short engagement he cut down one and shot the other, and bringing away one of their horses, quietly made his report, that he could find no officer near the fir-tree.

The Croat regiments are very interesting, both as regards their effect in a body and individually. Their brown uniform distinguishes them from the other imperial infantry. The soldier is generally tall and slender, well grown, and of a light bronze complexion. The gipsies, who abound in their ranks, are to be distinguished among them at a glance. The expression of the gipsy face is quite peculiar, his skin darker, and his hair straighter and coal black. Accustomed from childhood to live in the open air, and with his ear alive to every sound, the Croat is admirably adapted for patrol and out-post duty. If, however, it be question of advancing under fire, the officer must lead the way. As the Austrian officer is seldom backward in this respect, the Croat may be considered in all respects an excellent soldier. A steady advance in close order, which is the favourite operation with the German infantry of the Austrian army, is less so with the Croat. No one, on the other hand, is so clever at

availing himself of every trifling advantage of ground in skirmishing order; or in turning every bush and every ditch and hillock to account for approaching the enemy unobserved. For night-patroles he is also invaluable. His dark dress and accoutrements of black leather are specially calculated for this night service; his step is noiseless and his form invisible; and though the Gränzer usually marches with his head down, and would seem to see nothing beyond his feet, no sound or sight escapes his observant eye and ear. His talent for appropriation, under the rigid discipline of the Austrian army, can only be exercised in cases where the laws of war justify the abandonment of a house or village to plunder, as a punishment for a treacherous attack or illegitimate resistance. The Croat's hand is then on every thing transportable, of value or no value; and his knapsack will often present a singular medley of female attire, old iron, false-hair fronts, and other unimaginable articles, mixed up with money and provisions. In the street fights of Milan, where the barricades were partly built up with carriages, they tore off the ironwork and plated ornaments, and burnt the bodies of the carriages. This spoil, however, to their great regret,

they were obliged to leave behind them on their subsequent retreat.

On the march and the bivouac no description of troops is so well supplied with provisions as the Croat. How he comes by them Heaven knows, but he has always something select; and when the cover is removed from his kettle it is seldom that the yellow foot of a goose or the comb of a turkey is not to be detected simmering on the surface. He is particularly ingenious in the pursuit and capture of the winged part of the creation.

In respect of Jäger, or Rifle, battalions, no service can match the Austrian. They are composed principally of Styrians and Tyrolese, accustomed from childhood to march, climb, and shoot. Their dress is simple—grey cloth with green facings, and the well-known dark hat. The Styrians adorn the latter with the chamois beard and the blackcock's feather, the others with a dark green plume. These battalions are the merriest of the army, and the best satisfied with their profession; adroit, indefatigable, excellent, whether on out-post duty or in the assault; and in the recent campaigns no troops have proved so formidable to the batteries of the enemy, or so hardbitten in close action, as the Jägers.

All these various troops were represented by

individuals in the streets of Novara. Among them moved also the solemn artillerist, the decider of battles, conscious of the dignity of his peculiar arm. All were on the best terms with the inhabitants. The market was filled on the first day, and many a shop, which on our entrance we found closed, was opened by the following morning to the Austrian soldier. The precaution was adopted of placing sentries at the grocery and provision shops, to prevent misdoings on either side.

Many acquaintances, whom the chances of service had separated during the campaign, now met again in Novara. Among such I fell in with my esteemed friend, Count N., who, in the staff of General d'Aspre, had been continually at the head of the storming columns, both at Mortara and Novara. I had only once obtained any intelligence of him during the operations. This was in the battle of Novara, when my friend Count Schönfeld, returning from the advanced guard, reported that he had just left Count N. in the moment of escaping unhurt from the explosion of a shell, which had occurred almost under his horse. Count N. was inhabiting the palace Caccia Piatta, the head-quarter of General d'Aspre. I set out thither one evening to call upon him. As I was ignorant of the way, I asked it of an old

lady who was escorting a young one through the streets. Both were respectably attired, and the younger wore the dark veil usual in Piedmont, which did not conceal a face of pale Italian beauty and a pair of fine eyes with a friendly expression. They readily accompanied me on my way, and the younger took occasion to inform me that her father was a saddler, and would be glad of my custom if I required any thing in his line. I found the count at home, but rather unwell, and moreover oppressed with business, for his corps of the army, the second, had received orders, as we afterwards learned, to march for Tuscany.

I had almost forgotten my little friend, the saddler's daughter, when I recognised her one evening working at a window. I entered the house, and was cordially welcomed. I often repeated my visit, and passed many hours at the family fireside, delighted with the converse of the little Marietta, and with that of an old grandfather, who remembered many particulars of the French campaigns in Italy, and had often seen the great emperor. I gave lessons in German to the young lady. She was bitter in her complaints of the misconduct of the Piedmontese soldiers. They had taken money from her father, and irreverently flung down her canary bird's cage, treat-

ment which the poor bird did not survive. These flying acquaintances are part and parcel of a soldier's life. When we parted as those part who do not expect to meet again, she presented me with a prohibited cockade of the three colours—red, white, and green.

The campaign had scarcely terminated with the glorious action of Novara, when the diplomacy of Europe showed itself at our head-quarter. Messrs. Bois le Comte and Abercromby presented themselves, on the part of France and England, to Marshal Radetsky, commissioned by the Sardinian Government to take in hand the interests of Piedmont. The marshal, too wise to risk spoiling with the pen the work so well accomplished by the sword, intimated to these gentlemen that the armistice had been concluded, and that he had nothing to settle with them in their official capacity, but as private gentlemen should be delighted to entertain them. In this latter capacity they were received. They were accompanied by the Podesta of Turin, who came to recommend that city, in case of its occupation, to the kindness of the marshal.

Another, and more acceptable deputation, was that of the municipality of Vienna, who arrived about this time to invest the marshal with the

honorary freedom of their city. Among the deputies were the President of the Communal Council, Dr. Seiler, and the Burgomaster of Vienna, M. Bergmüller. The marshal received with great satisfaction this testimony of the esteem in which his services were held in the capital. The diploma was displayed in his apartment for public inspection. It was sumptuously emblazoned with the arms of the marshal and those of the House of Hapsburgh, and the city of Vienna.

The address of Dr. Seiler contained allusions to the victories of the last campaign, and anticipations of further successes in the struggle which when he had left Vienna was only impending. The anticipated successes had been achieved, and the names of Mortara and Novara had been added to the page which records those of Curtatone and Custozza.

XVI.

THE HEAD-QUARTER AFTER THE CAMPAIGN.

THE excitement of success in the head-quarter of the victorious army was followed by something of reaction and disappointment. Old soldiers and young were heard to lament that the campaign had been so soon concluded.

The burthen of one of the soldiers' favourite songs on the march had been, an entrance into Turin, and this bright vision had not been realised. The conclusion, too, had been so decisive, the old man's arm had fallen so heavily and struck so home, that little prospect appeared of an early return to active service for the many who desired it.

The masses which had closed round Novara were beginning to disperse, some to their former cantonments, some to various towns in Lombardy, in which fanatical leaders were again involving, not only themselves, but, unhappily, many less ill-disposed in ruin. Regiment after regiment marched out with their bands playing, and followed by long columns of baggage and other carriages.

The weather which was continually bad during our stay in Novara, contributed to affect our spirits and temper. The reports of the rising in Brescia vexed the superior officers, and especially the field-marshal; and, although General Haynau's rapid march from Mestre, and his appearance, first at St. Euphemia, and next at Brescia itself, brought this sad transaction to a speedy conclusion, the duty of confirming certain capital sentences forwarded for that authorisation by General Haynau was most uncongenial to the feelings of the old commander. I remember particularly the occasion of one rainy evening, when the old gentleman entered the apartment of Colonel Schlitter in a state of evident discomposure, and taking his seat at the fire, remained for a long while musing and contemplating the embers. General Haynau had forwarded several of the above-mentioned sentences on criminals taken with arms in their hands, requesting the marshal's countersignature, which it was impossible for him to withhold. I stood at the window gazing at the leaden sky and falling rain; the estafette was standing by his horse in the street below, waiting to convey the fatal despatch to Brescia. As he mounted and galloped off I could

not but feel that every footfall of his horse on the pavement was the knell of a human existence.

More agreeable scenes, however, were not wanting, and the hour of four, which one day collected the entire head-quarter round the hospitable table of the field-marshal, restored spirits and good-humour to all. He had kept the promise he had given us at Trumello; and as the army had fulfilled the condition of giving the enemy a thorough defeat, his upper lip was adorned with a promising mustachio, which was hailed with universal acclamation. To himself, as he often remarked, it was most particularly inconvenient. "But," said he, "promises must be kept; and I will keep to my dying day this remembrance of Novara."

Officers of rank, of the Austrian and other services, flocked in daily, having started with the intention of taking part in the campaign which they found concluded. I remarked among others the Duke Alexander of Würtemberg. A terrible fall from his horse in the last year had fractured his knee-pan, and deprived the army for the remainder of that campaign of a bold rider and excellent soldier. He still had the limb supported by iron splints, and even with their assistance rode and walked with difficulty.

Another member of the royal House of Würtemberg, Duke William, lieutenant in the Kaiser infantry, had, according to the universal testimony of his comrades, greatly distinguished himself in action, and had been severely wounded in that of Novara by a musket shot below the knee. For so short a campaign the Austrian loss on the whole had not been trifling. At Gravellone on the 20th there were 9 wounded. At Mortara, the 21st, 2 officers, 61 men, killed; 20 officers, 236 men, wounded. At Novara, March 23, 1 staff-officer, 13 officers, 396 men, killed; 2 generals, 7 staff-officers, 94 other officers, and 1747 men, wounded. Total killed: 1 staff-officer, 15 other officers, 457 men. Wounded: 2 generals, 7 staff-officers, 114 other officers, 1992 men.

The principal reward of the soldier is the distribution of medals, which is performed with much ceremony, and is a festival for the regiment concerned. The medals are of three classes: the great gold medal, the great silver, and little silver. They are all only attainable by very prominent merit, and are valued accordingly. They are not given to officers, and the few such who wear them have earned them when serving in the ranks. In former campaigns, and in the last, instances have frequently occurred in which cadets nominated for

promotion to the rank of lieutenant, earnestly begged for a postponement, with a view to the chance of their obtaining one of these medals, and several succeeded in their object.

The medals have a pecuniary, as well as an honorary, value. The gold medal secures to its owner double pay while he serves, and full pay for life after leaving the service. The silver secures an addition of half the amount of the regular pay during service, and a pension for life to the amount of that addition after leaving the service.

I witnessed several distributions after our return to Milan, conducted with much solemnity, in the public garden. On the Corso, which skirts the garden and is raised above it, were drawn up the Radetsky Hussars in parade order, and in the garden itself the regiments Kinsky and Latour, and several battalions of Gränzers. The field-marshal, with the archdukes and a numerous suite, rode along the line. He then dismounted in front, and the names of the soldiers who were to receive the medals were called over. Many were summoned in vain, for the colonels of their respective regiments had to step forward and report that the party in question was in hospital, or, in some cases, in the grave. Others, who

answered the call, appeared with an arm in a sling, or bearing other evidence of injuries received in battle. When, however, the marshal in person stepped forward, called upon each by name, and fastened to his breast the medal with its red and white ribbon, the colour returned to the pale cheek and light to the sunken eye. No prouder reward can be the soldier's lot than such a token fastened by such a hand. When the report of the investiture reaches his native village, the mayor or burgomaster of the place reads it in public. I have heard of instances in which the parents of the soldier so honoured have been presented with a sum of money, raised by general subscription in the village.

I had also my own reward for my own labours in reporting the events of the campaign to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, a reward such as no contributor ever before received. The field-marshal read the journal punctually, and when any long article appeared concerning the army, he came to Major Eberhardt's room with the paper in his hand, and made the major read it. There was one article which almost moved the old man to tears; I think it was that which contains the report from the head-quarter at St. Angelo. "Well and

bravely written," said the old man; "our friend has done his best;" and with this he pressed my hand and kissed me. I could desire no prouder recompense, I can enjoy no more lasting recollection, than that of the kiss of Father Radetsky.

XVII.

THE RETURN.

THE day at last arrived for our departure from Novara and our return to Milan. The change was not unacceptable. As the war was beyond question concluded, there was little attraction in a small provincial town to men anxious to rejoin the circle of their friends and acquaintances. The order therefore, issued on the 28th March, "The head-quarter will remove to Milan to-morrow," was received with general satisfaction.

The weather was still rainy and inclement. I determined, therefore, to send on my faithful Weiler with my horse to Milan, and to seek some more agreeable conveyance. One the most agreeable presented itself in the shape of a seat in the carriage of General Schönhals. By this arrangement I returned in the society of the three persons to whose kindness throughout I had been the most indebted — General Schönhals, Colonel Schlitter, and Major Eberhardt. The rain descended in torrents at 6 o'clock of the 29th, when the marshal entered his carriage, and preceded us. The

streets were, nevertheless, filled with hundreds of the inhabitants, assembled to give a parting salute to the old man, who, even in an enemy's country, had won the affection of all. We were followed also in the villages by the *evvivas* of the population as we passed. Our route led us over the field of the late battle. Slender wooden crosses marked the spots where those now rested, stiff and cold, who had marched up to that field a few days before in the highest vigour of life. Can any sound now reach them — the tramp of the squadron, the artillery wheel as it rolls on the pavement? — can the cheerful chorus of the homeward march penetrate the dwelling from which they can issue no more? Let us hope, let us believe not; it were horrible to believe otherwise. And yet — who knows?

The weather cleared up a little as we approached Milan. We came up with the field-marshal near the Porta Vercellina, and he determined to make his entry on horseback.

The concourse was great. The Sereschaners were drawn up to the left, the staff dragoons to the right. I looked around, but Weiler and my horse were nowhere to be seen. Having, in fact, no orders to wait, he had ridden on with others into the town. I fortunately met with an un-

occupied Sereschaner horse; and, as the Oriental saddle was no novelty to me, I was glad to mount this pony-like animal with his fantastic trappings.

It may appear strange, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the troops now preparing to re-enter Milan, were believed, by the greater part of the population, to be the remnant of a defeated army. This delusion is to be explained by the circumstance that fabulous accounts of brilliant Piedmontese successes had been widely and industriously circulated among a people whose credulity was stimulated by their wishes. Nor was the appearance of the troops fresh from a wet bivouack calculated to undeceive them. It is true that Novara is but a few German miles distant—that the sound of the cannon was distinctly audible in Milan—and that reports could be conveyed thither from the field in a few hours. Radetsky, however, was indubitably beaten; he was compelled to retire on Milan, would probably only pass through the town, and, as in the last campaign, endeavour, in the strongholds of Mantua and Verona, to rally his strength for a last effort against the victorious Piedmontese. The inhabitants, under this conviction, flocked to the Porta Vercellina, to see the beaten troops defile. The bearing and demeanour of the grenadiers soon began to undeceive them,

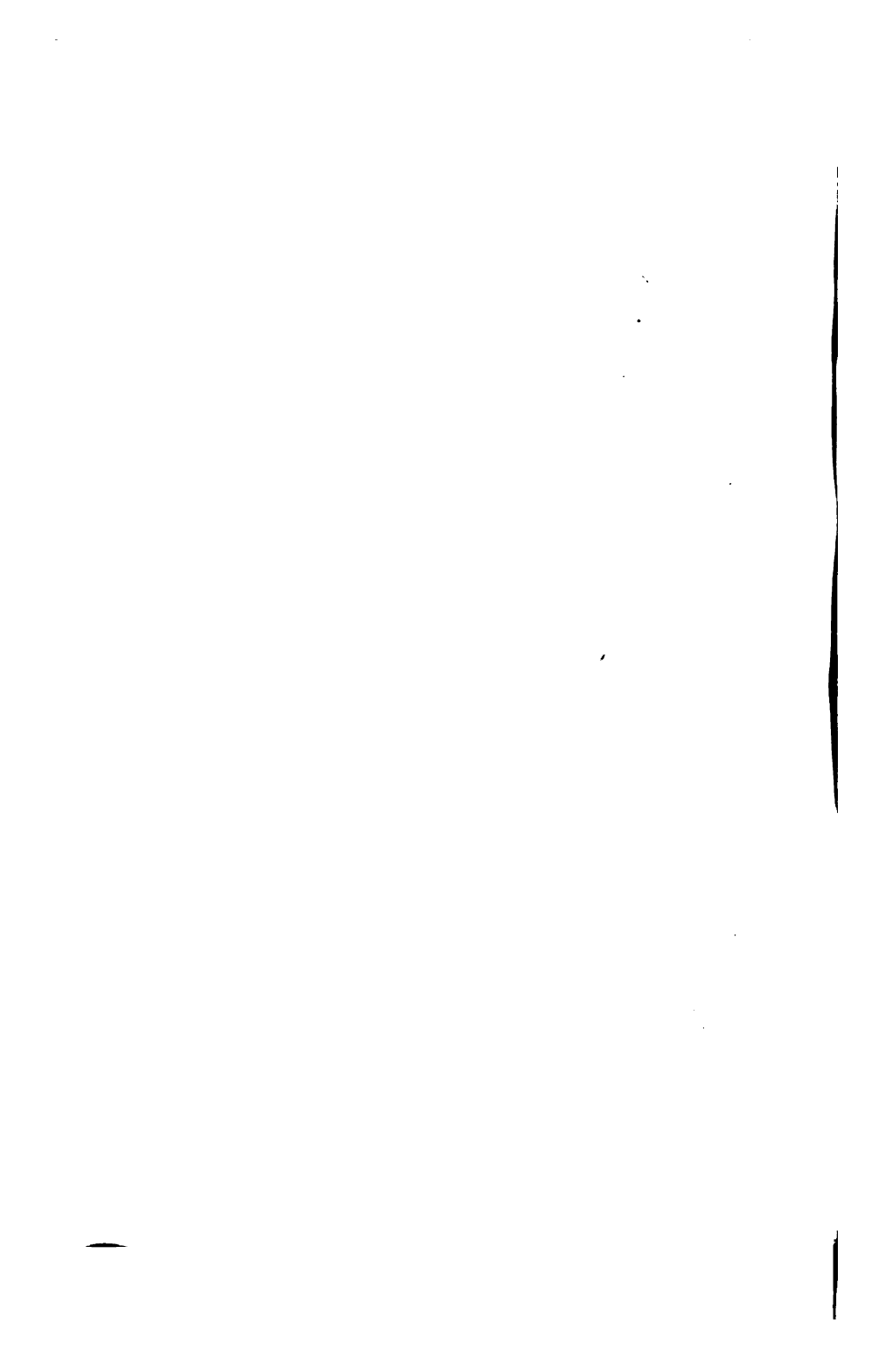
and when these were followed by the train of captured Piedmontese artillery, the disenchantment was pretty complete. One man, however, in the crowd had the wit to suggest that the Austrians had painted their own guns with the Piedmontese colours, and many were satisfied with this explanation.

The marshal mounted his grey charger towards ten o'clock, and rode into the town between the Archdukes Ferdinand and Leopold. The brilliant procession was swelled by the presence of every officer whose duties allowed him to join it. The streets were not deserted; they were lined, on the contrary, every where with spectators, and every window and balcony was full. Not a sound, however, of welcome was heard, and the silence of astonishment and despair followed upon the dissipation of the illusions in which the Milanese had indulged. The faces grew darker as we proceeded. The old man did not look like a loser of battles; the blue colour of the Piedmontese limbers, and the traces which many displayed of their recent employment, left no doubt as to where they came from and how they had been won; and some 4000 grenadiers looked out from beneath their bearskin caps with glances which told no tale of humiliation or defeat. The staff dragoons and Seres-

chaners had some difficulty in clearing a space in front of the Duomo for the field-marshal and his staff to occupy while the troops marched past.

Battalion after battalion had defiled with the usual accompaniments of the Austrian hymn and the *vivats* addressed to the field-marshal, when the attention of all was excited by a burst of acclamation louder than usual at the approach of a body of grenadiers. It was excited by the appearance of a red, white, and green standard, with the white cross of Piedmont on its field, which was borne along side by side with the remnants which still fluttered from the staff of the Austrian colours. It brought back to the recollection of all present the circumstances under which that flag of Piedmont had waved in the place of the Duomo in the past year. It impressed on every mind a sense of the change which had taken place.

We followed the field-marshal by the Corso of the Porta Orientale to the Villa Reale, and as he dismounted one last thundering *vivat* rose from our assemblage. He pressed every hand which could reach him in the circle, and those too far removed were made happy by his distant but cordial salute.



CAMPAIGN OF PIEDMONT, 1849.

(*By an Officer attached to the Head-quarter of Charles Albert, from an Article in the "Revue des deux Mondes."*)

I.

BUFFALORA.

IF we take into account an evident disproportion between the forces and the interests concerned, we can scarcely fail to recognise a singular analogy between the disastrous military events of 1815 in Belgium and France and those of 1848 and 1849 in Piedmont. The one country, like the other, was condemned to expiate by retrocession within its limits the error of that imprudence which knows not when to pause in the hour of success. After the first hostilities either might have preserved a slight accession of territory, but both, launched a second time on the arena of conflict, were crushed after a struggle of two days, the first of which seemed to presage their success. Short and disastrous as this struggle has been in

the case of Piedmont, it cannot but be interesting to military readers to learn what were the dispositions adopted by the general of the Piedmontese forces, and by what means, in spite of his efforts, he was overcome.

In order then to assist by an exposition of facts the decision of competent judges, I shall endeavour to trace with precision his operations and the various incidents which compelled him to modify them. The impressions and recollections of an eye-witness, I may say of an actor, these I must *in limine* assert, are the elements and materials of my recital.

In order to precipitate the outbreak of hostilities, the Consulta and Emigration Committee of the Lombards filled Turin with the announcement of a general insurrection in Lombardy which was to break out the moment a liberating force should cross the Tessin. Those who had made the last campaign had indeed little faith in these assurances. Brescia and Bergamo were the only towns which inspired any real confidence in their patriotism. There was, however, no ground to repudiate altogether these assurances of the Lombard emigration: should a victory be gained in the field, an insurrection would be a natural consequence. The menace of such an insurrection would in any case necessarily exercise a strong

influence on the plans of Marshal Radetsky. It was to be supposed that he would undertake to defend Lombardy. For this object two courses were open to him: to hold himself in a position to receive a battle, or to cross the Tessin and carry the war into Piedmont.

In the first hypothesis, the Austrian army had little choice of positions. The one obviously most available was that behind the Naviglio, a stream which, running parallel to the Tessin, at no great distance from the latter, is overlooked by a series of strong natural positions, which command an enemy's line of approach, and from which it is easy to assume in turn the offensive and to follow up a success. The road from Novara to Milan may be said to traverse the centre of this line of defence, crossing the Tessin at the bridge of Buffalora, and after a considerable ascent falling in with the establishment of the Milanese Douane, and then with Magenta, a considerable town. In the second hypothesis several lines of issue were at the disposal of the Austrians: the one by Oleggio, which supposed a considerable force to be left in the position of Magenta; another by the right bank of the Po upon Alexandria; a third by Pavia on Mortara; a fourth by the bridge of Buffalora on Novara. Their choice of the two first was impro-

bable. In either there were grave risks and little prospect of rapid and immediate advantages. It was therefore reasonable to suppose that their choice would lie between the two latter, by Pavia or Buffalora. The attack by Pavia was in a military view extremely audacious, for the Austrians would have to give battle with one river at a short distance in their rear, and with another on their right, and moreover to force the passage of the Gravellone, without any other exit, in case of retreat, than the bridge of Pavia and those which they would in a very limited space have thrown over the Tessin and the Gravellone. In case then of serious reverse there was risk by this line of total destruction. It is likely enough that the Austrian general would have chosen a better line of attack if he had not been preoccupied by reflections of another order. I should conjecture them to have been the following. First, the fear of an insurrection, which, fermenting about his army, might have demoralised the soldier, while, by keeping two rivers on his flank, he to some extent isolated his force from the danger of being harassed by insurgent bands; next, the nature of the Lombard territory, which, intersected by canals, lines of trees, and rivers, makes movements in retreat very difficult; finally, the prospect, in case of success, of cutting off the Piedmontese army from its base,

of throwing it back on the Lago Maggiore, and opening at one blow the roads to Turin and Alexandria. It is to be added, that being master of both banks of the Tessin at Pavia, he saved himself by this route one difficulty, that of forcing his passage over that river. As regards the entrance into Piedmont by the bridge of Buffalora, it was in a military view less hazardous than that by Pavia. It involved indeed the necessity of meeting and overcoming the Piedmontese army front to front; but the line of the Naviglio afforded securities against the consequences of failure and facilities for renewing the conflict or protecting a retreat.

It is to be presumed that General Chrzanowsky weighed all these probabilities and the advantage of these different positions, for it would appear that the Piedmontese troops on the 20th of March were disposed in a manner calculated to meet either hypothesis of an enemy's attack, as well as to facilitate in case of need an assumption of the offensive and a march on Milan. The Piedmontese army on its side could make choice among three plans of campaign. The first was that of advancing by the Duchies, the second of waiting for the enemy, the third of a direct advance into Lombardy. To advance by the Duchies

was to uncover Piedmont without extricating Lombardy from its agony, to postpone the decision of a battle, and to further the approximation of the enemy to his points of support and retreat. To wait for the enemy was at variance with the mission of a liberating army; it might have waited long, and meanwhile discouragement might have ensued, and the insurrectionary spirit of Lombardy have been paralysed. It was therefore an imperative necessity to assume the offensive, and an offensive calculated to liberate Milan. For this object the march by Buffalora was the manoeuvre most appropriate, and the more so because it was not inconsistent with a defensive attitude. It was moreover reported that the Austrians were in force at Magenta and Sadriano, and it was known that they had withdrawn all their garrisons in Lombardy and 10,000 men from the Duchy of Parma, leaving only from 2000 to 3000 in the castle of Milan, and very feeble detachments in the other great towns. The Austrian army was to be estimated at from 60,000 to 70,000 men in line of battle. It was of consequence then to facilitate the Lombard insurrection, and the march of the Piedmontese army might expedite its explosion.

Concentrated on the Tessin, on the 20th of March, the Piedmontese army presented an effective force of six divisions, which one with another

consisted of 9000 effectives each; to these are to be added the brigade Solaroli, eight *fourth battalions*, and two battalions of *Bersaglieri*, the latter being riflemen, and corresponding exactly to that corps of the French army designated as the *chasseurs de Vincennes*. The brigade Solaroli numbered about 4000 men, the eight *fourth battalions* about 4800, the two of *Bersaglieri* about 1200; all which added together amounted to from 60,000 to 65,000 men, of which 4000 were cavalry, and about 132 guns. The fighting strength then on either side likely to come into early collision was nearly equal.

The armistice having been broken by the Piedmontese ministers without previous notice to General Chrzanowsky, and against his opposition, he had not time to call in the division of General La Marmora, then in cantonments at Sarzana. This division was destined to move on Parma and Placentia, in readiness to support the advanced guard brigade left at Castel San Giovanni to keep in check the Austrian garrison: these two corps amounted to 12,000 men, including 300 cavalry, and disposing of 24 guns. It appears then that the total Piedmontese force did not exceed 78,000 men. The 120,000 men talked of by the ministers existed only on paper. To arrive at these figures they counted that portion of the national guard

which was ordered to be mobilised and the 10,000 invalids in the hospitals at the period of the denouncement of the armistice, as well as the garrisons of Alexandria, Genoa, Turin, Chamberry, &c., composed of reserve battalions and the depôts of the different corps.

These facts established, let us observe the positions of the Piedmontese troops at 10 A. M. of the 20th of March. The second division, General Bes, occupied Castelnuovo and Cerano. The fourth division, under command of the Duke of Genoa, the country in advance of Trecate with an advanced guard on the bridge of Buffalora. The third division, General Perrone, was at Romentino and Calliate. The first, General Durando (the same who commanded the Roman troops at Vicenza) was round Vespolate; the division of reserve, under the Duke of Savoy, near Novara on the Mortara road. To the left of this mass of five divisions, between Oleggio and Belinzano, was the brigade Solaroli, keeping a look-out on that flank of the army and connected with it by four of the fourth battalions disposed in intermediary echelon. On the right, the fifth division, Romarino, composed of Lombards, performed the same office for that flank, with orders to place itself at La Cava, an excellent position in front of Pavia

and behind the Gravellone. An intermediate echelon of the other four fourth battalions connected this division with the main army.

The mission of General Romarino was to observe the issue from Pavia, to retard the enemy by a resistance, more or less prolonged according to the force of their advance, and above all to give notice by the sound of his artillery of such advance against our right. He had instructions to retire on Mortara or San Nazaro, if attacked by superior force, and was further enjoined to keep a good look out on his left, and to render impracticable the bridge of Mezzana Corte on the Po. The appointment of General Romarino was due in great part to the Lombard committee. He was in the eyes of certain parties a hero, the victim of despotic power; but many others beheld in him nothing but a mediocrity full of pretension, a man of no personal value, and one whose known character presented no guarantees. It is to be much lamented that General Chrzanowsky, yielding to compulsion, permitted a division to be trusted to such hands. The King himself had the conviction that he was little to be trusted; but Charles Albert was punctilious in confining himself to his functions as a constitutional king, and as such yielded to the will of demagogues who professed a

singular admiration for this general. We shall soon see how far that admiration was justified.

Placed in the positions above specified, the Piedmontese army presented to an enemy attacking by Buffalora a force of three divisions capable of being reinforced in less than three hours by the rest of the army, with the exception of the fifth division. If, on the contrary, it should assume the offensive by Buffalora, it could throw on the other bank of the Tessin and on that same point in three hours a force of 50,000 men. Finally, should the enemy advance by Pavia, the army, warned by the cannon of Romarino, could put itself in motion by its right flank, three of its divisions would sleep that night between Romella and Mortara, where they would join Romarino; the others would sleep at Vigevano, and find themselves at 10 A. M. on the 21st at their post in the line of battle well before the enemy could commence his attack.

The country between Novara and the Tessin presents at first a cultivated tract, then beyond Trecale we meet with a vast *lande* covered with low heath, which is continued as far as the hilly range which commands the valley and the river. The bridge of Buffalora is a fine work of masonry, with two small pavilions for the toll-collectors at

its extremities. This bridge was barricaded on the Austrian side. Three of their hussars patrolled the road, which, as it leaves the bridge, is carried in a straight line towards the Lombard Douane, situated on the summit of a steep ascent beyond the Naviglio. A barricade was also perceptible at the entrance of the establishment of the Douane.

The 20th of March, at 10 A. M., the King arrived in face of the bridge, followed by General Chrzanowsky and his staff. The troops saluted him with acclamation as he passed. Every one directed his observation to the opposite shore, on which we could perceive nothing but some small patrols of cavalry. At 12 a thrill ran through the ranks of the collected mass; the clock which struck the hour denoted the commencement of the strife. Upon either shore of the Tessin the moment was felt as one for imploring from Heaven success to the Piedmontese army. The day was magnificent, the sun illuminated the long lines of troops drawn out upon the heath, the Lombard shore seemed to shine with joy at the sight of the liberating sovereign on his march to Milan. Every one waited for the word "forward." At this instant all secret apprehensions were forgotten; and for my part I felt hope revive. That revival was partly due to one of those circumstances,

puerile in themselves, but which we cannot help in moments of interest taking into account. While employed in scrutinising the opposite shore with my glass, I had my attention diverted by a flock of wild ducks which were swimming towards the Lombard shore; at the last stroke of twelve they rose at once from the surface and soon disappeared in the distance in direct flight for Milan. As the tales of Roman augury rose to my recollection, I gave way to the superstitious feeling of the moment, and hastening towards the river awaited with impatience the signal for its passage.

I discerned the King on foot near the bridge; his countenance was expressive of calm satisfaction. The General Chrzanowsky was near him; his diminutive figure presented a singular contrast with the lofty stature of the King. His features, in which the Calmuck type is strongly indicated, announced an energetic nature, and it was difficult to look at him without feeling sentiments of esteem, which further acquaintance soon converted into those of affectionate sympathy.

Mid-day was long past, and no movement among the troops had yet occurred. The general doubtless was waiting for the sound of cannon in the direction of Pavia. Finally, at half past one, the order was given to the Duke of Genoa to effect a

reconnoissance on Magenta with his entire division, the third division was ordered at the same time to advance to the bridge of Buffalora to support the Duke of Genoa in case of need. A company of Bersaglieri soon presented itself at the entrance of the bridge. The King halted them with a gesture, and putting himself at their head, marched intrepidly towards the opposite shore. There was a moment of poignant anxiety. Possibly the bridge might be mined, possibly the hostile shore might be lined with tirailleurs in ambuscade in the brushwood and ditches. At last he set his foot unscathed on the Lombard soil, and a general shout of enthusiasm saluted his entry into his new states, while the enemy's horsemen retired at speed towards the Austrian Douane, from which dense columns of smoke immediately rose in token of a vast conflagration.

The spectacle of the passage was magnificent. I had been employed on the 18th and 19th in reconnoitring the river, the fords, and the enemy's advanced posts along the whole line; I was already much fatigued, but such a scene was calculated to refresh me. I saw the opening of an arena for great achievements, and I forgot the mistake of those who were urging us on this unequal struggle, with an army of soldiers, faithful, but devoid of

enthusiasm, and of officers, brave, but decidedly opposed to a war which they considered as the ruin of their country. I saw nothing but the glorious field of perilous action which was about to be opened to us.

A few moments later the King arrived at Magenta, the inhabitants of which pressed round him with acclamation, proclaiming him the liberator of Italy. The enemy had disappeared. A few musket shots only were fired at some feeble detachments, which retired rapidly on Cigliano. At Magenta we learned that the Austrians had retired on the previous evening, evacuating the positions which they had hitherto maintained on this point, and had marched in the direction either of Pavia or Lodi. The route to Milan then was free. The fourth division received orders to remain on the left bank of the Tessin, and the third to resume its former position. The head-quarter returned to Trecate. The disappearance of the Austrian troops, and their evacuation of positions so tenable, were a mystery soon to be cleared up. In fact, the Marshal Radetsky, after having placed his army in a manner to conceal his plan, had executed in the night of the 19th—20th, a rapid flank march, with all the forces placed along the left bank of the Tessin, and calling up

all his troops from Crema and Lodi, had concentrated himself with his entire force on Pavia, ready to pour it into Piedmont when the fated hour should strike. Towards mid-day he threw two bridges over the river near Pavia, and marched with his advanced guard on La Cava. He must have been much astonished to meet with no resistance, for the General Romarino, disobeying the instructions he had received, instead of marching into the position prescribed to him, had abandoned, without giving them any orders, on the left bank of the Po a regiment of cavalry and two battalions, one of them of Bersaglieri, commanded by the Major Mannara. These brave troops, after vigorously sustaining a conflict of *tirailleurs* for more than two hours, were obliged to retire before the continually increasing forces of the enemy. Meanwhile, the general was in safety behind the Po, and after disorganizing the bridge, had betaken himself quietly to dinner at Stradella.

II.

LA SFORZESCA.

THE news of the march of the Austrians, and of Romarino's inexcusable conduct, reached the head-quarter, first by an aide-de-camp of General Bes at 8 P.M., and next at 10 o'clock by an officer of General Romarino himself, who, as it would seem, had not considered his movement as sufficiently important to require an earlier notice. An order was immediately despatched to General Lanti to take the command of the Lombard division, and to Romarino to appear at head-quarters. Thanks to the distribution of the army, it might be expected to be on the morrow in condition, not only to accept battle in advance of Vigevano, but even to take the offensive and to throw back the enemy on the Po: the second and third division were therefore immediately put in motion; the first for the town of Mortara, in front of which it was to assume a position on the road from that place to Pavia; the second for the town of Vigevano, in front of which it was to take up its position at La Sforzesca.

The other divisions were enjoined to put themselves in motion on the 21st at break of day; the division of reserve for Mortara, the third for Gambolo, the fourth for Vigevano; the brigade Solaroli had orders in following the third division to approach the bridge of Buffalora. By this distribution it was to be expected that, as the Austrians in all probability could not be in presence of our troops earlier than 11 A.M. at the soonest, the second division with four battalions, left near Vigevano the evening before, would be strong enough to keep them in check till the arrival of the remainder of the army. As to Mortara, one might be certain that no enemy could arrive there before 3 P.M. We therefore considered ourselves as in condition to meet every contingency.

The 21st, at 11, the King reached Vigevano. He had on his special staff nearly the same persons who had accompanied him on the last campaign. About him were to be seen the Marquis de la Marmora, Prince of Masserano, the Marquis Scati, an old man whose grizzled moustache and kindly countenance inspired respect; the two brothers Robillant, true representatives of that old Piedmontese nobility which has always been conspicuous on fields of battle, and habituated in the hour of danger to close round the members of the

house of Savoy. The General Giacomo Durando, newly-appointed aide-de-camp to the King, being very ill, followed in a carriage with Mr. Cadorno, the responsible minister at head-quarter. This minister did not, like Count Lisio, appear in the field of battle. It was not his function, and he submitted without reluctance to the exigency of his official position.

As it had been pretended that the King's escort had proved an embarrassment in the last campaign, that sovereign, who shrunk from no personal sacrifice, had no troops about him but sixty carbineers, and for orderlies only two cavalry officers. This suite was modest enough, but sufficient for one who was content to be among his troops and the first in danger. The staff moreover of the commander-in-chief was a large addition. It had for its chief the General Alexander la Marmora, and was further composed of the General Cossato, second chief of the staff; the Colonels Cardorino and Brianski, a Pole; Majors Basso and Villa Marina; Captains Battaglia, Martini, Taverna, all three Lombards, the Duc de Dino, French, the Marquis Cava, Mr. Dorson, a young Savoyard officer of much ability, Mr. Sizomioth, a Pole; Lieut. Balucanti, Lombard; the Prince Czartoriski, son of the noble Polish

emigrant; the Prince Pio Falco, a Spaniard, and the Comte Venier, a Venetian noble.

Towards an hour after midnight the sound of cannon was heard in the direction of San Ciro. The General Chzranowsky, who was reconnoitring the ground while waiting for the troops, moved on at once towards the sound, ordering the regiment of Savoy, which had just come up, to put itself in rear of a deep ravine about a quarter of a mile from Gambolo. Very soon the tirailleurs of the second division, smartly attacked by those of the enemy, were pushed back to near Sforzesca; there they resumed the offensive, and supported by the rest of the division, and rallied by the Colonel Leonetto Cipriani and the officers of the staff of General Bes, made the enemy give way, repulsing him as far as San Vittore, where they received orders to halt. In this engagement the hussars of the Radetsky regiment made a brilliant charge, and sabred the tirailleurs to the mouth of our batteries, but, charged in turn by two squadrons of the regiment of Piedmont Royal, they were put to flight, leaving several prisoners in our hands, and among them a superior officer. The regiment of Piedmont Royal did itself great honour on this occasion; an aide-de-camp of General Bes, Mr. Galli, who charged with it, being surrounded by

four hussars and wounded by a ball in the shoulder, was rescued by a single lancer, who killed one hussar and put the other three to flight. The 23rd regiment, commanded by Colonel Cialdini, deserved every praise. The colonel was accustomed to that tribute; although grievously wounded at Vicenza by two balls, one of which had traversed the abdomen, and not cured of that terrible wound, he was to be found here in the foremost ranks.

While this action was in progress on our left, the general received advices that in consequence of a delay in the arrival of provisions, the brigade Savona of the third division, and the fourth division itself could not join us in less than four hours. This unhappy disappointment rendered our position critical, for the enemy was beginning to display an imposing force, and might in attacking us by Gambolo, which this delay prevented us from occupying, succeed in turning our flank, and penetrating between us and the two divisions placed at Mortara, overwhelm and drive us back on Vigevano. The offensive was henceforth out of the question, and we were forced to content ourselves with maintaining our positions in order to be able to attack on the next morning with our united forces. It was past 4 o'clock, and the Savona brigade

had not arrived, when the Austrians, putting some pieces in battery and issuing from Gambolo, advanced in close column, with loud hurrahs, against the first regiment of Savoy drawn up in line of battle behind the ravine, and supported by six pieces on its right and four on its left. The General Chzranowsky then addressed the first regiment, and said, "Gentlemen, I have placed you here, and am very confident that the Austrians will not be able to dislodge you." A smile of good omen lighted up the countenances of the brave Savoyards, who remained immovable under the fire of the enemy's tirailleurs, and then, at a distance of fifty paces, when the Austrians endeavoured to deploy, opened a terrible file fire at command of the general, supported by the artillery on both flanks. The enemy fled in disorder. The regiment darted forward with the bayonet upon the broken column. The soldiers wished to pursue to the last, but the regiment was without support, and a further advance would have been imprudent. The officers were ordered to resume their former position, and they brought back their men to the rear of the ravine. I was on the left of this fine regiment when it was attacked, and followed it when it was resuming its position. "Why not let us take Gambolo?" said a soldier

to me. "My friend, because having nothing to support you, we do not wish to risk the lives of brave men like yourself?" "Has Savoy need of support?" was the reply. I was charmed with this flourish. This sort of assurance is always a good symptom at the commencement of a campaign.

After this short, but rude encounter the combat was continued along the line in the shape of a lively fire of tirailleurs till about half-past 6 in the evening. The Savona brigade and the fourth division, with the Duke of Savoy, were at length arrived; the enemy had been kept in check, we had wrested from him more than the ground which he had gained at the commencement of the action; the troops had fought well, and were in position to assume the offensive on the morrow; every one was satisfied, and the fears which had been too easily inspired by the inexperience of the new recruits were subsiding. We had made more than 200 prisoners. The day's work appeared satisfactory. We reckoned on resuming the battle at daybreak, and on overthrowing the Austrians, who, pressed together in a triangle, of which Pavia formed the apex, between the Po, the Tessin, and our army, must, to all appearance, experience great difficulties in effecting their retreat. We had, moreover, not ceased to place much re-

liance on the Lombard division, which had in its power, by recrossing the Po, and operating upon the rear of the enemy, to effect a very decisive diversion.

At half-past 5 in the evening we had heard a lively cannonade in the direction of Mortara, which had been continued for about half an hour : I at first had thought it to indicate that General Durando was approaching us after repulsing the enemy ; but the sound had ceased, and nothing further was heard in this direction, except a continued roll of musquetry. We were without uneasiness, for we had on this point two divisions amounting to 18,000 men and 48 guns. I then conceived that General Durando had contented himself with keeping the enemy in check, which I concluded must have been easy for an officer disposing of such a force and attacked so late. Nevertheless, when this musketry fire was protracted far into the night, there arose reason to apprehend that an obstinate struggle had occurred at this point, and that the enemy masking his march by lively flank attacks, to keep us employed, had thrown upon it a considerable force. I returned, therefore, to Sforzesca in a state of great uneasiness, but hoping to obtain there some intelligence from our right wing.

I found the king at Sforzesca. Satisfied with the results of this first day of the campaign, he had declared that he would bivouac in the middle of the brigade of Savoy. Conceive a field of battle strewn with dead, lighted by the conflagration of a large farm, a hillock on which the regiment had established itself, their muskets piled and glittering with the light from the burning buildings and that of the watch-fires. On the driest spot, on a couch formed of two sacks, lies the King, wrapped in a blanket, and with a knapsack for a pillow. Around him, in deep silence and on the earth, lie his aide-de-camps, some asleep, others kept awake by anxiety, for all have sons or other relations in the ranks engaged. At the head of the King are standing, like statues, two footmen in the royal red livery. The countenance of the sovereign, usually pale and yellow, is now all but livid, his mouth is in a state of constant contraction and conveys a convulsive movement to his thick moustache, while his left hand, put in motion by thoughts which slumber cannot quell, is extended at times towards the hostile camp, tracing in the air incomprehensible signals of command, and seeming to conjure some invisible phantom. This scene will never be effaced from my recollection. In spite of the success of the day, there was some-

thing in it of gloomy excitement, which dispelled slumber and kept us under the spell of the most dismal meditations. Several sentinels, leaning on the barrels of their muskets, contemplated with curiosity and surprise their slumbering master, while one of the orderly officers from time to time replaced on his chest the covering which in his disturbed dreams he every moment flung off. Unhappy monarch! perhaps at these moments he was cursed by an intuition of the fatal intelligence he was about to receive. Perhaps the future unrolled itself to his courageous glance. Perhaps, deceived by the passion which absorbed his soul for the independence of Italy, he saw in his dreams the eagle with the silver cross alighting on the crest of the Tyrolean Alps, and fixing its conquering talons on its rival with the double head.

Towards one in the morning the Captain Battaglia and the Prince Pio arrived at La Sforzesca; they woke the General Chzranowsky, and gave him the first particulars of what had occurred on our right. The first division reaching Mortara in the night of the 20th-21st, had taken up a position in the morning on the road to Pavia, very little in advance of Mortara. From mid-day it had remained in order of battle ready to receive the

enemy. The reserve division had arrived in due course towards one o'clock, and had placed itself a little in rear of the town. It is to be presumed that these troops, seeing the day decline without any appearance of the enemy, and hearing the engagement at La Sforzesca, had ceased to entertain the expectation of an attack, when, towards half-past 5, P. M., the Austrians showed themselves, placed a number of pieces in battery, and opened a murderous fire on the first line, which was in a position the natural features of which afforded little protection from hostile artillery. Surprised by this sudden attack our tirailleurs rapidly retreated; a battalion at this example fell into disorder, and threatened to spread confusion along the line. Another battalion, however, took its place; the engagement began more regularly, and a regiment was brought forward, which, filling up an interstice hitherto somewhat improvidently neglected, restored confidence to the troops. The attack of the enemy, supported by the fire of a numerous artillery, was most impetuous. Unhappily the position selected by General Durando presented the grave inconveniences of a too great proximity to the town, and of being intersected by a wide canal, which made the communication very difficult between the two wings. Towards

half-past 6, P. M., the enemy, formed in columns of attack, threw himself with vigour on our position. Our lines, deprived by the difficulties of the ground of mutual support, were overwhelmed, and the Austrians penetrated into the town of Mortara pell-mell with our people. The darkness was profound; the action continued hand-to-hand in the obscurity. Officers endeavoured in vain to identify their men; the expressions of every feeling and passion incident to mortal strife, uttered in the various dialects, German, Sclavonic, Hungarian, and Italian, of the parties engaged, made a Babel of the fated town, the evacuation of which was impeded by the carriages which thronged the streets. Our soldiers, separated from each other, escaped individually as they could. In vain did the Generals Durando and Alexander la Marmora, and especially the Duke of Savoy, endeavour to rally them: the confusion was too great, and the conflict, continued in the street, increased the horror of the scene. Blood flowed in torrents, while those who inflicted the wound were scarcely certain whether the sufferer were friend or foe. At last, towards two in the morning, Mortara was evacuated, but not without serious loss on our side. Nearly 2000 prisoners and 5 guns remained in the hands of the enemy, with several ammuni-

tion waggons, and a part of the baggage of the first division. Several superior officers were killed; the brave General Rupetti wounded with a sabre cut; numbers of soldiers killed by ball or bayonet; but the strength of the two divisions was especially reduced by the number both of officers and soldiers who, separated from their colours in the darkness, wandered in the country at hazard, and were unable to rejoin their corps till after the battle of Novara.

The intelligence of this sad discomfiture was a sensible blow to the King and the general, as well as to the army at large. It broke the confidence which the troops had begun to entertain in themselves in virtue of their success at La Sforzesca; and destroyed the hope which the King and the general had conceived of giving battle on the morrow to the Austrian army in the disadvantageous positions which it occupied in our front. The general, seeing the campaign compromised, proposed a measure of much audacity, but which to many of those about him seemed susceptible of brilliant results. It was that of marching at day-break on the 22nd straight on Mortara, pushing the attack home with the 30,000 men he had in hand, and risking the chance of total destruction against that of overthrowing the Austrians, and

penetrating to the Lombard division (since that corps would make no effort to come to us, although it was only a few leagues distant, and must have heard the cannonade throughout), and then, reinforced by these 6000 untouched troops, to rally the two divisions driven from Mortara on the 21st. This suggestion was a bold one it is true, but had it not some chances in its favour? and is not victory sometimes the reward of such audacity? I leave the question to men of military experience. The proposition was rejected; the King, indeed, supported it, but the chiefs of corps objected that the news of the disaster of Mortara "*had revived the profound disgust entertained by a portion of the troops for this political war;*" that menacing symptoms were apparent, and that it would be folly to engage in an enterprise so desperate. The order was therefore issued for a retreat on Novara, where the defeated divisions were, if possible, to be rallied, and the enemy to be again encountered. In the condition in which we were placed by the negative manœuvre of Romarino and the defeat of Mortara, there was no other reasonable course to pursue.

The manœuvre of the Austrian army had been boldly conceived and perfectly executed. While its brigades deployed successively in their advance

against our left, their main force, preceded by an advanced guard under the Archduke Albert, marched straight on Mortara, protected by lively attacks intended to mask the movement of their main body. Success crowned this operation, which might have been baffled if the vicious organisation of our commissariat had not, retarding our operations, prevented the junction of half the third division and the entire fourth, at the hour prescribed. Every moment messages were sent by the general to press the arrival of these troops, repeating that we were about to lose a glorious occasion; but use what diligence they might they could not arrive in time to take the offensive, and the occasion was lost. It may be matter for surprise that the two divisions at Mortara should have been unable to arrest the enemy, attacked as they were so late in the day. The explanation of this fact lies, first, in the vicious choice of the position at that place, while a much better one presented itself at the fork of the roads of Gambolo and Pavia; and next, in an excess of confidence, which neglected to push forward an echelon of advanced posts capable of delaying and giving warning of the advance of an enemy. Our people were persuaded that the columns which approached were only attempting a slight recon-

naissance, and had no intention of a serious attack.

If the cruel incident of Mortara had a fatal influence on the *morale* of our troops, the depression produced by the retreat on Novara was still more painful. The troops, in spite of the discouragement of a few, were generally unable to comprehend why we renounced an action which they had so happily commenced. Neither could they account for the inaction of the Lombard division, which, in hearing of the battle on the other side of the Po, had made no attempt to repair the error of General Romerino by crossing the river and attacking the enemy on his march, in flank and rear.

III.

NOVARA.

ON the 22nd of March, at daybreak, we started for Novara, which we reached that evening, without any annoyance on the march from the enemy. The two divisions defeated at Mortara arrived in their turn, and all prepared themselves for the exigency of the morrow; for it was evident that the Austrians, equally with ourselves, were seeking a decisive engagement. The roads of Alexandria and Turin had been opened to them, but the Marshal Radetsky could not avail himself of that circumstance to march on either, leaving behind him an army which, although reduced, still counted 50,000 combatants in its ranks and 111 pieces of artillery.

On our side we could only desire a battle, for as things were we had no line of retreat but upon the Lago Maggiore or Savoy, directions which equally separated us from our base of operations, and it was moreover evident that the army, composed in great part of recruits and married men, would fall away daily in its numbers the further

it marched through its own territory. Besides, our order of the day was to "*hazard everything for everything*;" the further we retreated the less our chance of recovering our fifth division, and the greater would become the disproportion of our force. A victory, on the contrary, under the walls of Novara would change the whole face of affairs. It might not have produced such results as one gained on the 22nd at Trumello, because the enemy had now more confidence in himself and more space for a movement in retreat, but still it promised great advantages. Even in the event of an undecisive issue, we had ground to suppose that the marshal would be well inclined to an armistice, for every day might bring on his rear the General Alphonso la Marmora, who, gathering up the Lombard division, would have it in his power to cross the Po with from 16,000 to 18,000 men. Peace would probably have been concluded. Italy, it is true, would not have recovered her independence, but the war party at Turin, silenced by the force of circumstances, would not have carried its impudence and its pride so far, at least I think so, as to persist in its error in blaming the King for postponing to a better occasion the accomplishment of his noble designs.

On the 23rd of March, at 5 A.M. the General

Chrzanowsky superintended the distribution of the troops in the different positions assigned to them. The road from Mortara to Novara, by which alone the enemy could advance, falls in at about a mile from Novara with a little village called La Bicocca. This village is built on the crest of an eminence which commands the town, and beyond which the road runs straight along a long ridge. On either side of La Bicocca are two narrow valleys which give the village, as seen from the town, the aspect of a round hillock, and which are continued for some hundreds of yards, inclining upwards gently towards the ridge, which is followed by the road to Mortara. Beyond the valley to the right a vast plain extends itself, cultivated immediately around some villa buildings, but degenerating into heath at about 300 metres in advance of a great villa called the Citadella. This plain is intersected at right angles to Novara by a canal which flows in almost parallel course to that of the Agogna rivulet; a little further is the road from Vercelli to Novara. The troops were drawn up in order of battle on a line of about 3000 metres in length, from this canal to the valley described as on the left of the Bicocca eminence. The front of battle was composed of three divisions in two lines.

The first division, forming the right wing, rested

its extreme right on the canal, a little in the rear of a large villa called Nuova Corte. It had a half battery of four pieces on its right, a battery of eight pieces in its centre, and another of eight on its left. The second division, forming the centre, continued the line in front of the Citadella. This division had sixteen pieces in battery in the centre of the whole line. The third division, forming the left wing, occupied La Bicocca. It had fourteen pieces in battery on the left of the Novara road, in an advantageous position, from which they swept the road and the ridge, and two pieces on the road itself. Four fourth battalions were sent to the extreme right to support the flank of the first division, and four others with two battalions of Bersaglieri were ordered to support the left flank of the third division; for this object the Bersaglieri occupied the valley near the extreme left of the line, which was not practicable for the movement of masses. The reserve division was drawn up in columns in rear of the right wing near the town and the Vercelli road, which latter it continually reconnoitred with strong patrols of cavalry. The fourth division, also in columns, was placed in front of the cemetery of Novara, behind the left wing. The brigade Solaroli took post behind the Terdopio on the road to Trecate, which it was

directed to observe, being in condition from thence to furnish useful support to the fourth division. This brigade had with it a battery. The Piedmontese batteries are all of eight pieces.

The Piedmontese force in the field, after all the losses the army had incurred, counted 44,000 effectives, distributed in 76 battalions, 2500 horses in 36 squadrons, and 111 pieces of artillery. Thus on a field of battle of about 3000 metres*, this army presented about sixteen men to the metre, a proportion which has been rarely if ever exceeded in any of the battles on record which have been fought in deep order.

At half past nine, the army was in its positions, and at eleven the King, mounted on a magnificent black horse, issued from the palace, followed by his whole staff, to inspect the forts, when the sound of cannon announced the presence of the enemy. The King started off at a gallop, and reached the summit of the Bicocca hill, saluted as he passed by the *vivats* of the soldiery.

The enemy's attack was lively, and the fire of his artillery swept the road and the height of Bicocca. A little beyond the church of this village, and on the right of the road, there is a small field in rear of a villa. It was here that the King halted,

* About 3300 yards, rather less than two miles.

near the front line. He was scarcely on the spot when the enemy's tirailleurs, vigorously driving in our own, poured a storm of bullets on this little enclosure. A carbineer, standing a few paces from the King, fell mortally wounded; the front line opened a file fire; the artillery fired with grape; the cavalry regiment of Genoa made a brilliant charge, and the enemy was driven back. Meanwhile, the attack extended itself along our whole line, but especially to the left and the centre.

In virtue of the plan adopted, by which the half of the disposable force was held in line of battle and the other half in reserve, the intention of General Chrzanowsky would appear to have been to fatigue the enemy by alluring him to waste his efforts against our front, and then assuming the offensive after some hours' struggle, to overthrow him, if possible. At the end of about three-quarters of an hour, the attack was renewed with increased vigour; the first line, composed of the brigade Savona, gave ground; two of the villas on the right of the road in front of Bicocca were carried; the second line was ordered forward. The regiment of Savoy defiling before the King, threw itself on the enemy and repulsed him with vigour. To assist this repulse, the Colonel Car-

dorino of the staff led on the Genoa regiment of cavalry, and made a successful charge.

Although the enemy was repelled, the combat of artillery and tirailleurs did not slacken; we were even obliged to bring back to the front the brigade Savona, to aid the regiment of Savoy in maintaining itself. The General Perrone, a veteran who by his services had nobly requited the hospitality of France, seemed to emulate the courage and self-exposure of his sovereign, and never ceased to encourage the tirailleurs by his counsels and example. The general-in-chief, usually near the King, followed every incident of the battle, giving his orders with perfect coolness, and only quitting the neighbourhood of the King for that of points where his presence was for the moment urgently required. The village of Bicocca was the key of our position, and on it, therefore, the enemy's principal efforts were directed.

Towards half-past two, the Austrian artillery redoubled its fire, and their columns again advanced, carrying all before them. They penetrated even to the height occupied by the King and his staff, and some thirty Hungarians appeared at the angle of the villa; but surprised perhaps to find themselves in presence of a group of officers, they hesitated for an instant, and were instantly sur-

rounded and made prisoners. The Duke of Genoa then came into line with one of his brigades, and after a desperate struggle the position was retaken. To reply to the murderous fire of the enemy, a battery of reserve was brought forward, and half an hour later a second, which raised to thirty-two the number of pieces in activity at this point. The limited space of this part of our position, and the configuration of the ground, afforded room for no more. We learned from the prisoners, that the young general who attacked us with such impetuosity was the same Archduke Albert who had commanded at Mortara.

The conflict had slackened along the remainder of the line; it was evident that all the efforts of the enemy were concentrated against Bicocca. Seeing that he could not succeed against the right of this position, he endeavoured to turn it by its left, and the hill was covered with a shower of projectiles, while the rest of the line was kept in check by a fire of artillery and tirailleurs.

In the heat of the action the general officers in the suite of the King competed in exertion with those of the general's staff, in encouraging the troops, and in the transmission of orders. The Colonel Brianski brought his active intelligence to bear in every quarter; the aged Marquis Scati,

feeling his hat traversed by a bullet, was raising his hand to it, when the hat was carried from his head by the fragment of a shell. Fastening a handkerchief round his head, and drawing his sword, the old man charged with the cavalry. It may be said, without exaggeration, that in this quarter the King and all his staff displayed the most reckless self-exposure and the most admirable heroism.

The King did not cease to survey the imposing panoramic spectacle unrolled before him ; from one moment to another he consulted the countenance of the general-in-chief, who, seeing the last-mentioned attack repulsed, appeared hopeful of the result. At this moment a soldier of the train came up on horseback, driving two prisoners before him. He halted near the King, and, in the intoxication of the moment, addressed him—"Maesta, I have made these two prisoners. I have escaped by miracle. Ah ! misericordia"—and fell mortally wounded by a ball which, but for his interposition, would have passed directly through the body of the King.

Nearly at the same moment General Perrone was seen to pass by, carried by four soldiers, and mortally wounded by a ball in the head. At the sight of his fall some hesitation occurred among the troops ; the enemy profited by it, and was soon

seen driving in our tirailleurs, and again advancing on Bicocca. The brigade of Caneo and two battalions of the chasseurs of the guard then came up, as also two battalions taken from the second division by the Colonel Brianski, and the enemy failed in his attempt, but every instant the fire of his artillery became more murderous. We had already expended the greater part of our reserves, and began to doubt whether we could maintain our position, when the Austrians, renewing their effort, drove us back a third time, and forced us to bring into line the second brigade of the fourth division. The Duke of Savoy had led in person the brigade of Caneo into fire, and the Duke of Genoa, who is jealous of his brother only where life is to be risked, was prodigal of his young existence. The King contemplated, with pride, these young inheritors of his martial courage. Alas, that such qualities should have been lavished in vain, that the noblest blood of Piedmont should have flowed so largely, without profit to the cause of Italian liberty.

The death of General Passalacqua now occurred to deprive the army of one of its bravest leaders. The words which he uttered shortly before his fall conveyed an exact idea of the spirit which animated the army, and may serve to pass a just

sentence on its calumniators. He was conversing with his officers when the order to advance arrived: "Gentlemen," he said, "you know that, being on the retired list, I might have excused myself from this campaign. You know that I do not approve this war, and that I am no partisan of the new ideas, but I wish that all the talkers who govern us may do their duty as I mean to do mine." In a few minutes he had fallen at the head of his brigade.

The general-in-chief, seeing that the attack of the enemy on Bicocca, far from relaxing, became more and more impetuous, sent orders, towards 5 o'clock, to the second division to assume the offensive, enjoining at the same time the first division to support the movement of the second. The Generals Bes and Durando advanced forthwith straight upon the enemy; but, while this movement was in progress, our ranks, much reduced, broke up in disorder, the Austrians took final possession of Bicocca, and the left wing gave way as far as the walls of the town. Soon after this the centre, attacked in flank, was compelled to beat in retreat. The right wing, out-flanked on its right, retired in its turn, supported by a regiment of the guard and a battery of light artillery, brought to its aid by the Duke of Savoy.

It was, therefore, the success of the enemy on our left, which decided our loss of this bloody and honourable day. It occasioned the retreat of our centre which was advancing, and next of our right, which, uncovered on its left by this failure of the centre, saw itself for a moment exposed to an attack on either flank. It was six o'clock, the enemy opened a fire from batteries planted on the position we had just abandoned. Several of our pieces, planted on the bastions of the town and in front of the Mortara gate, endeavoured to retard his advance. The Duke of Genoa, who had had three horses killed under him, put himself at the head of some battalions, and flung himself once more into the *mêlée*, but the soldiers, worn out with fatigue, were reluctant to renew a struggle which they considered hopeless. The King, grave, depressed, but impassive, retired, at a foot's pace; towards the town, often halting, like a lion before the hunters, to face his adversaries. The general-in-chief, faithful to his duty to the last, never left the rear-guard, and sought to prolong the struggle when all hope was gone. At the moment when the King was entering the gates, a young officer of artillery passed near him, crying, "*Vive le Roi!*" and then approaching the Count de Robillard said with a firm voice, "Father, are you wounded?"

—“No: and you?” — “I have lost a hand.” The count turned pale, but, settling himself with an effort in his saddle, replied, “Console yourself, my son: you have done your duty.” An hour after the poor Charles Robillard was patiently bearing the amputation of his arm. I have quoted this manly reply of the count, for it is one of those traits which describe the men who are now the objects of the calumnies of the democratic press of Italy.

The King, near the entrance of the town, observed me. “What news?” he asked. “Bad, sire.” At this moment a cannon shot struck down several soldiers of the royal escort. The horses plunged, the squadron broke its ranks. A few moments later I again found myself near the King. “At least,” said he, “the honour of the army is safe:” and afterwards, “Death has refused to take me.” This he added with an expression of profound mortification.

At seven darkness had set in; the musketry was still heard. The King had sent for Mr. Cadorna, the responsible minister, while still on the ramparts, and, showing him the field of battle, had directed him to betake himself to the enemy’s camp and demand an armistice. At the aspect of the field, the minister, pale and desponding, per-

haps comprehended at last the responsibility which weighed on himself and his colleagues ; he started without delay for the Austrian camp : this time, however, the conqueror determined to make his power felt, and possibly to test the temper, more or less Roman, of the democratic minister. His conditions were hard, and he could infer the extent of his advantage by the attitude of the minister, with whom, however, he positively refused to treat. The General Cossato, who, less profuse in bellicose oratory than the orators of the Palais Carignan, was not less ready to expose his life for the honour of his country, refused to acknowledge the law of the conqueror without specific orders from the King. He returned to Novara, and, after exposing the results of his mission, awaited further instructions. The King, contemplating the misfortunes which his devotion to the cause of Italy had called down upon the kingdom, did not hesitate to consummate his sacrifices. He called round him the princes, the generals, and the minister Cadorna, and with accents slow, but firm, addressed them in terms which deserve to be recorded in history. "Gentlemen, I have sacrificed myself for the cause of Italy ; for that cause I have exposed my life, the lives of my children, my throne ; I have not been

able to succeed. I conceive that my person may now be the only obstacle to a peace henceforth necessary. I could not sign it. Since I have not been able to meet with death, I will accomplish a last sacrifice for my country. I lay down my crown, and I abdicate in favour of my son, the Duke of Savoy." The King then embraced with affection every one present, and retired to his apartment, after making us a sign of farewell on the threshold.

An hour later, Charles Albert departed alone, not permitting one of his officers to follow him into his voluntary exile, and without a notice even of his destination to any one. But what matters it whither he proceeds: he will be followed anywhere and everywhere by the respect of nations for the hero and martyr of the Italian revolution.

One last and singular adventure awaited the fallen monarch on the soil of Piedmont. On the evening of the battle, the Austrians encamped about Novara had interrupted the communications between that town and Vercelli, and had established on the road itself two pieces of cannon, pointed towards the town. Towards midnight a sound of wheels was heard in the distance. The captain of the post was warned that there were indications of an advance of some Piedmontese

artillery. The matches were lighted, and orders given to load with grape, and fire when at the proper distance. The sounds meanwhile become more distinct, the soldiers stand to their arms, the gunners are motionless at their pieces. At last, at a turn of the road, a light appears, which rapidly approaches. "Captain," says the sergeant of artillery, "this is not a gun, it is a traveller's carriage." The object is watched, and is in fact soon discovered to be a carriage drawn by four horses. The captain suspends his previous order, and advances with a patrol. He stops the drivers, and, approaching the carriage, demands the name of the traveller. "I am the Comte de Barge," is the reply of the latter, who is alone in the carriage. "I am a Piedmontese colonel, have given in my resignation after the battle, and am on my way to Turin." "You will excuse me, sir, but you must accompany me to the general. He is close at hand." "As you please, sir, I am at your orders." The carriage, escorted by some hussars, is driven to a small chateau, the head-quarter for the moment of the General Count Thurn. The officer enters, and gives notice to the general that a Comte de Barge, calling himself a Piedmontese colonel, has been arrested on his way to Turin, and is waiting below in his carriage. "Show him up,"

says the general, "and send in the sergeant of Bersaglieri, lately made prisoner ; if he recognises the colonel, you will let him proceed, if not you will keep him prisoner. Warn me, in any case, of all that may pass."

The Comte de Barge was shown into the ante-chamber and the Bersagliere brought into his presence.

"Do you recognise the Comte de Barge colonel in your army?"

"No ; I do not know that name in the army."

"Observe well."

The Bersagliere approaches, fixes his eyes on the traveller, and remains confounded. The count makes a sign to him.

"Ah ! yes, certainly, I remember now. No doubt. He was close to the King. Yes, the Comte de Barge."

The Bersagliere leaves the room. The traveller, making for the door, says to the officer, "I suppose, sir, there is now no obstacle to my departure?"

"Excuse me, colonel, but the general desires me to beg you to take a cup of tea with him."

The count accepts, presents himself to the general, who, after some excuses as to the harsh necessities of a state of war, commences a conversation, in which each party relates particulars of

the battle as they occurred on either side. The general adds : —

“ Excuse me, count ; but I am surprised that a person of your distinguished qualities, as they appear to me, should have met with so little advancement as that of your present rank in the army.”

“ What would you have ? I have never been fortunate : after this battle, seeing that a further military career afforded me no prospects, I have given in my resignation of the rank I had obtained ?”

The conversation is continued for some time in this style ; the count then takes his leave of the general, who accompanies him to the carriage. The general, on his return, addressing his aides-de-camp, says to them —

“ The Comte de Barge is really captivating in his manners and his conversation. I should not have guessed him to be a soldier ; he gives me rather the idea of a diplomatist. How say you ?”

“ We are of your opinion, general ; but here is the Bersagliere. He may perhaps be able to tell us what place this colonel held at Turin. Who is this Comte de Barge, friend, who has just left us ?”

“ The Comte de Barge, gentlemen, is the King, Charles Albert.”

“The King!”

“Gentlemen,” says the Count Thurn, “Heaven protects Austria! What would the world have said if, by a fatal mistake, the battery had fired on the carriage, and that the King had perished, as would almost certainly have happened. It would have been said that equally implacable and perfidious we had assassinated Charles Albert by a dastardly stratagem.

“Let us thank Heaven for having spared us this misfortune, and for having allowed us to make acquaintance with and to appreciate a gallant adversary.”

The military events above related carry with them instruction which requires little elucidation. The campaign of 1849, rashly projected under the influence of a factitious excitement, could only end in a catastrophe. The Piedmontese army is excellent. It will survive its defeat; but at the moment of entering into action it wanted confidence. Its ranks had been precipitately filled up, its instruction was incomplete. It had nothing complete but its own courage, the heroism of the King, and the energy, manly and resigned, of its officers. It was conquered by fatality. The most skilful plans, the most scientific combinations would have been vain. The plan of the General

Chrzanowsky, so much censured, was the only one he could adopt in the critical circumstances in which others had placed him, involving the necessity of marching straight on the enemy, *coute qui coute*. Could he march with all his forces concentrated, leaving the line of the Tessin unoccupied and Turin open to a *coup de main*? That would have placed his strategy on a level with the inconsiderate policy which precipitated his army on the frontier. Once in line, the general displayed rare decision, imperturbable presence of mind, and great resources of genius and science. He extracted from the army all that could be obtained from it in so ill-conceived a war. The number of Austrians put *hors de combat* is sufficient evidence that it did not yield without resistance. That number amounted to nearly 4000 killed and wounded in this short campaign, of which 150 were officers. Assuredly an army which, abandoned to so many causes of discouragement and disorganisation, can strike such blows has proved its title to high esteem. It is little to be conquered, for a country strong and tenacious of life, which may appeal from the defeat of to-day to the victory of to-morrow. It is much to preserve honour, and that of the Piedmontese remains unspotted.

As to the principal cause of this disaster, it is described in a word—*Demagogie*. Following his own inspirations, Charles Albert would not have been reduced to the alternative of battle or deposition, victory or abdication. He would have chosen his own time for combat, and if conquered would have preserved the prestige of a king and the influence of a negotiator. The democratic principle has sacrificed him to its precipitation, its imprudence, and its cowardice, and now it pursues him with its eulogies. The democratic principle is fond of kings—when they quit the throne.

SIEGE OF TEMESWAR.

(From an Article in the Allgemeine Zeitung.)

Temeswar, Nov. 6.

SZEGEDIN and the plain of the Theiss are inhabited only by Magyars of pure race. The population of Temeswar, on the contrary, is a mixture of Germans, Servians, Romanen, and Magyars. The German language and German civilisation, however, prevail among all these nationalities. A political revolution, which had "Freedom" for its motto, but which endeavoured to force upon an entire nation a language only understood by a few Magyarised members of its higher classes, could find here but little sympathy. When quiet citizens discovered that the insurrection carried off their corn, cattle, horses, military stores, coffee and sugar, and paid them with an alternative between Kossuth paper and martial law, the said citizens shook their heads and kept aloof,—but to our subject.

Bem had no sooner reduced Hermanstadt and defeated Puchner, than the corps of Count Leiningen, who had been hastening to the relief of the latter gallant but unfortunate general, found its advance barred, and was compelled to retire in haste on Temeswar. Bem, however, made his dispositions so ably that Leiningen would certainly have been cut off if the Count Vecsey, a haughty Magyar, who considered no obedience due to the orders of a Polish adventurer, had fully carried out those orders. His insubordination secured the retreat of Leiningen to Temeswar.

While these events were occurring the clouds of misfortune were gathering over the operations of Windischgrätz in North Hungary. The two days' severe action of Kapolna was followed up by several hard blows, which so raised the spirit of the insurrectionary armies in the south that on the 25th of April they showed signs of an intention to reduce Temeswar, the close investment of which they actually accomplished. The garrison, including Leiningen's corps, consisted of 8659 men, of whom 4494 were recruits, and was commanded by the octogenarian Rukawina, who sixty years before had mounted guard as a common sentry on the wall of the fortress of which he had now the charge.

Without impeachment of the gallant veteran's merits, the soul of the defence which ensued was Count Leiningen, and with him Colonel Stankovich. Great deficiency soon showed itself in competent engineer officers, in artillerymen, and in artillery itself. Instead of the usual complement of ten engineer officers only three were forthcoming, and instead of 390 cannon, only 213. Among the garrison were 1500 Magyars, one battalion of which, 600 strong, was composed of Szeklers, men fanaticised to the highest pitch on behalf of their country and race, but who nevertheless conducted themselves during the entire siege with unshrinking and exemplary fidelity. The first operation of the enemy was directed against the supply of water to the place, and the channels of that supply were cut off. The besieged were compelled to clear out wells which existed within the walls, and these afforded a supply of tolerable quality. The Vega river forms an angle to the south, and in a meadow which intervenes, and is commanded by the fire of the fortress, the imperialists had established an entrenched camp. The Hungarians contrived, however, to divert the stream by sluices, and to convert this ground into a very pestiferous swamp.

The garrison meanwhile knew nothing of what

was passing elsewhere. It devised several schemes for procuring information, but all at first were failures. A sharp-shooter offered himself, if some companions should be allowed him, to undertake the enterprise. He succeeded in capturing a Magyar courier with his despatches. From these the information was obtained that the republic had been proclaimed in Debreczin, and the brave Rukawina determined to make an energetic sally.

At three A. M. on the 12th of May, Leiningen marched out against the manufacturing suburb with 1700 infantry, 620 cavalry, and 14 guns. The Magyars, however, had their spies in the fortress, who, by preconcerted signals, the waving of a white cloth perceptible to a good telescope from a particular window, conveyed intelligence of the plan of operation, which in fact had not been kept as secret as it should have been. In this manner the sally was expected and entirely foiled.

The bombardment suddenly ceased on the 16th of June. At this date the hospitals were more than filled, and provisions had begun to fail. The officers lived in a state of painful anxiety as to the fate of the monarchy, and knew not whether Vienna was the capital of a legitimate sovereign or of a democratic socialist republic. A spy who had joined the Hungarian outposts as a deserter

obtained service in their ranks as a pioneer and worked in their trenches. He overheard one day the conversation of two officers who were speaking of the Russian intervention. He watched night and day for the opportunity of deserting back to the fortress, and at length obtained it. His intelligence confirmed the garrison in their resolution to hold out to the last, although another portion of his information was less encouraging as to the probable result, for he had also heard of the arrival of thirty mortars in the camp, from which the bombardment of the fortress was shortly to be recommenced. Before this took place, however, an armistice was allowed, during which many families of the citizens were able to leave the city. In the night of the 3rd of July the bombardment was opened with such violence that from thirteen to fourteen shells were often counted in the air at once. The families still remaining took refuge in the casemates.

General Vecsey, who commanded the Hungarians, had erected his sumptuous tent in the so-called Jagdwald, and led a merry life in this quarter with his staff. Formerly an officer in the Hungarian "noble guard," he owed his present command more to his social position and his unquestionable courage than to his military talents.

Instead of a breach and an assault, which would have spared the dwelling-houses, he adopted the more convenient and less humane course of a mere bombardment. Bem repeatedly condemned this mode of proceeding, but was kept elsewhere too well employed by the imperialists to interfere with effect. At the first recommencement of the fire its violence produced panic in the town, the houses were deserted, and the cellars and casemates were filled with terrified inhabitants. The hissing of a shell was echoed by shrieks and lamentations; habit, however, soon reconciled the ear to this music, and even women might be seen at dusk creeping out to enjoy the spectacle of the passing missile, and if it struck the ground in their vicinity, regaining with agility their places of refuge. The garrison replied with indefatigable perseverance to the fire of the enemy, and was harassed in addition with the constant labour of extinguishing with fire-engines the conflagrations which ensued.

The Hungarian batteries daily approached nearer to the defences, and the trenches were in the very lines from which the place had been carried by assault by Eugene in the siege of 1716. Another sally was undertaken, and this time with better success, for seven guns and eight mortars

were spiked, with a loss however to the garrison of sixty men killed and wounded. July, as I have said, was now half spent, and the heat had become insupportable. Imagine so many persons crowded in close dungeons with the thermometer at 39 Reaumur. It was necessary to stop the windows facing outwards with planks and sand-bags, for although the works intercepted horizontal fire, with a weak charge and sufficient elevation, projectiles could still reach these apertures.

The atmosphere in these receptacles was such that many children perished by suffocation in the arms of their parents. "I shall never forget those days," said an old citizen to me; "I dream of them still, and rejoice like a child when I wake and find they are over." My informant assured me that the Uhlan horses could not be kept in their quarters. They galloped loose in the streets in groups of twenty and thirty, like wild horses in an American savannah. No one was injured, for, except the firemen, no one remained in the streets. The enemy's balls thinned these troops, and the carcases were turned to immediate account as food for the garrison. Corn was indeed still pretty plentiful, and the mill even remained uninjured, but meat was very scanty. Nearly all the soldiers relished the horseflesh addition to their rations,

with the exception only of the Romanen, who at last also overcame their prejudice against it. An officer said in jest to some Italians, " You eat too much horse, while others are too nice to touch it." This nettled some of the Romanen present, who fell to, and from that time the entire garrison partook of this food. The Italians contrived to assist it with salads from weeds which grew on the works, and their spare diet was much improved by their ingenuity.

On the 11th July another sally took place, but without success. The imperialists lost 93 men. The bombardment was at this period so incessant and effective that the houses crumbled under it, and even the cellars became insecure. At an early period of the defence the garrison had been divided into three sections: one to be on service with the batteries, on the walls, and with the fire-engines; one in the casemates, but on duty, and prepared for emergencies; and the third sleeping and reposing. After the 14th of July this disposition ceased. All were constantly on duty, and repose could only be snatched at casual intervals. About this time also it became necessary to abandon the entrenched camp on the Vega. The great powder magazine, situated on one of the bastions, was a constant object of the enemy's fire.

The shells, however, bounded off it like tennis-balls. The roof was vaulted with five feet of masonry, and this was further protected by a layer of sand. It continued bombproof, but, nevertheless, presents at this moment a very ruined appearance.

I heard from an officer an incident of the fire. A shell carried off the leg of a horse, and hurled the animal against the walls of a powder magazine some twenty feet distant; the shell itself pursued its course through and among the powder casks, and demolished several without igniting their contents. Not more than twenty-five shells exploded. By the 25th July a full fourth of the garrison had been carried off by the fever which had long been raging; another fourth was in hospital, and another was too exhausted for duty; thus leaving one fourth of the original strength under arms. On this day five surgeons died of typhus. The effect of the bombardment on the sick was peculiar. Those who during the relaxation of the fire had partially recovered, when they heard the crash of a shell on an adjacent roof, sprung out of bed in delirium, and endeavoured to hide under it. They usually died within a few hours of nervous fever. In spite of the unwearied exertion of the firemen, one house after another was

destroyed by the flames. In the night of the 30th the convent of the Brothers of Mercy thus perished. It had been used as a hospital for pressing cases, and was as sensible a loss as that of two barracks near the Peterwaradin gate, which the exhaustion of twelve hours' labour prevented the firemen from saving. A great misfortune at this moment was the wound of the brave Colonel Simunich, one of the three engineer officers. He was severely injured by the splinter of a shell, and his retirement from duty had a serious effect on the operations of the firemen. The hospital was now not only overfilled, but its atmosphere was so pestilential that, rather than encounter it, the sick preferred to lie without medical aid in the streets.

The Hungarians meanwhile, believing that the garrison was exhausted, were intent upon preventing its relief. They assaulted the neighbourhood of the Peterwaradin gate with great courage, but were met with equal bravery and driven back. A trifling stratagem of the imperialists hastened the retreat of the Magyars. A Captain Metz crept out of the gate on their flank with a few soldiers and drummers, and, with an immense shouting and drumming, made the Magyars believe that they were attacked, and their retreat

threatened by a considerable body. On the following day the cholera broke out with violence, which further thinned the garrison. It was now at the last gasp. Of events elsewhere it was in utter ignorance, and among them of Haynau's advance to their assistance, and arrival at Szegedin. On the 5th of August, the hundredth day of the siege, Count Vecsey offered the garrison to march out with all the honours of war, in consideration, as he said, of their brave defence. This offer was peremptorily rejected. On the following morning the officer on duty at the observatory tower, as he looked over the enemy's camp, saw that several of their batteries were deserted; and, listening attentively, he caught the sound of a distant cannonade, from which he rightly inferred that relief was at last approaching. The gallant Rukawina would now willingly have attempted a sally, but the garrison, once so strong, could now only muster 1233 infantry and 388 cavalry. With so small a force the attempt would have been madness, and would have risked the loss of the place. On the 9th of August the cannonade was heard at smaller distance; on that evening Haynau, having ridden on from the field of his victory at Beckskerack, entered the town amid the acclamations of its rescued defenders. So ended the memorable defence

of Temeswar on the 101st day from its commencement.

NOTE.

Rukawina, the brave old man whose pertinacious endurance presents a parallel to that of Sale at Jelalabad, and who, like Sale, was so ably seconded by his subordinates, like him also did not long survive to enjoy the honours he had won. He fell a victim, soon after the relief of the place, to the cholera, which, as appears above, had shown itself already during the siege, but which increased shortly afterwards in violence. It has been stated in other Austrian accounts that 12,000 shells were thrown into the place during the siege. The loss of the garrison by the fire of the enemy was nevertheless but trifling, a circumstance perhaps best to be explained by the fact mentioned above, that so few as twenty-five only of these missiles exploded. General Haynau was his own messenger in announcing to the garrison its liberation. His rapid ride from the field of battle, accompanied only by his personal staff and a few light horse, threading his way through scattered parties of the enemy, was among the most romantic incidents of a campaign fertile in strange adventure.

SCENES IN THE CAMP OF THE BAN.

(From an Article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.)

I.

IN a peasant's waggon, the usual conveyance of the frontier, I travelled rapidly from Semlin to Carlowitz. The Danube was gleaming with the last rays of sunset as the challenge of a Slave outpost brought my horse to a halt. A dozen of the red-mantles were posted round a cheerful fire of vine-sticks, and their leader, the Arambassa (so called), rose with great majesty to receive and examine my papers. He studied them long and solemnly, his eyes occasionally wandering to my person, while mine were occupied with the broad stream flowing on in golden light, and with the Duna steamer which the Servians had captured from the Magyars at the commencement of their hostilities. Its steam was up, and a number of Gränzers were busy in embarking arms and ammunition destined

for the camp in the Bannat. The red son of the frontier was at length satisfied of my integrity, and handed me a paper intended to guarantee my further progress. I proceeded to the town. It is among the fairest and stateliest of the Lower Danube, but inundation and civil war, and, above all, its bombardment by Hrabowski, have marred its beauty. The population, however, showed little signs of these catastrophes. The market-place was bustling; the women, gay in attire and demeanour, were selling the fruits of the season; merchants from Belgrade, armed to the teeth, were disposing of other wares, — arms, cartridges, and Turkish pipes. At the town-house was a sentry, whom I recognised by his grey mantle and blue collar for a Gränzer of the Peterwaradin regiment. One of his comrades conducted me to the residence of the Patriarch. I found it a spacious building, without style or ornament, adjoining the metropolitan church with its two towers. It was built by that Arsenius Czernosewitsch, who, in the reign of Leopold I., led the great Servian colony into the Austrian territory, an immigration of great influence on the destinies of Hungary and Austria. Since that event the Servians in Hungary have borne the name of Raizen or Rascians. I passed through a court to a main guard formed of twenty

men, and provided with three small iron guns and an unserviceable mortar. Their red, white, and green carriages showed that they had been taken from the Magyar.

In the Chancery I met with an acquaintance in the editor of a journal, now an *employé* here. "You are come," he said, "at a lucky moment. You cannot yet have an audience of the patriarch, but you will see him in function. Three companies of Peterwaradiners are about to march for St. Thomas, on a dangerous expedition. The patriarch is to give them his blessing." We found these warriors drawn up in front of the patriarchal residence, from which the dignitary issued with his suite. The latter consisted of some of the higher Servian clergy sumptuously arrayed in furs and silks, some kaloyers or monks, and a few officers. Among the latter was a Greek lieutenant, who wished to lend a free corps of fifty men to the service of the patriarch. The patriarch, Joseph Rajaciez, is a man of eighty years, lean, of middling stature and much bent. His face is pale and wasted like that of an anchorite, but full of life and character, and his blue eye shines with the fire of youth. On his head the hair is long but scanty, and like the beard, which hangs down to his girdle, silvery

white. With all this, there is in his appearance something which tells of his former military profession and habits. His dress was a robe of black silk, round his waist he wore the broad red girdle of the Servian priesthood, the jewelled cross of the patriarchate on his breast. I saw him subsequently in his full state attire. He then wears white robes with violet border, a diadem of gold on his head, and carries a long staff with the cross of the patriarchate, which, as you may have heard, has three cross pieces. At the commencement of the Servian movement the patriarch not unfrequently rode into the camp on a white palfrey with this cross in the one hand, and a drawn sword in the right, exhorting his people to battle. In this guise he has been painted by a Servian artist, Ivannowitz. The patriarch is a living personification of Servian nationality as described in their poetry. This one was also the choice of the people, for he was elected by a congress at Carlowitz of seventy-five deputies, acting in the name of all the Servian subjects of Austria, and chosen from the clergy, the burghers, and the frontier military. In addition, however, to the patriarch of Carlowitz, the now united Greek Church has four other independent chiefs, in the Emperor of Russia, the Patriarch of Constantinople, the Synod

of the Bishops of Greece, and the Vladika of Montenegro. When the Vladika, some years since, visited St. Petersburg, he appeared in the apparel of his ecclesiastical dignity, much as one deity may be supposed to visit another. Whether the emperor considered this as a compliment or an offensive assumption has not transpired.

As the Patriarch descended a loud *xivio*, the Slave *vivat*, rose from the ranks. He addressed them with much dignity. The soldiers bowed before him, the spectators stood round in deep silence, the women wept. At last he gave the blessing, the *xivio* was three times repeated, and the troops filed off with loud hurrahs towards St. Thomas. The old man looked on them with his arms half raised, his lips moving in prayer, and tears rolling down to his white beard, so long as they were still in sight. He then took the arm of an attendant priest, and retired at a quick pace to his residence.

II.

Another golden sunset! I recline on a rush mat at the verge of the camp, smoke a Turkish pipe, and survey the landscape before me with

rapture as intense as the condition of these stirring and awful times permits. Our camp occupies an offshoot of the Fruska chain of hills, commands the Peterwaradin road and a portion of the Danube. Advantage has been taken of some local features of the shore to fortify it after a fashion, which makes it nearly unassailable. On a neighbouring eminence are posted the volunteers from Turkish Servia, on another rising ground which I occupy the Peterwaradin Gränzers and the Semlin national guards. The evening air is cool and mild, the sky of Italian purity. The heights of the Fruska chain rise in an amphitheatre round the camp; Carlowitz, embosomed in vineyards, is at our feet. Near the town is seen the chapel where, in 1699, the famous peace of Carlowitz was concluded, by the mediation of England*, between Austria, Turkey, Russia, Poland, and the Venetian republic. When will such termination occur to the present hostilities, and what powers will seal it? Old chapel of Carlowitz, you have seen no bloodier or fiercer war than that which now rages round you. You were then so arranged that each ambassador entered by his own door, and gathered round a circular table, none having precedence. Will this be so when Austria and Russia next approach the

* Represented by Lord Paget and Mr. Collier.

table of conference? What cares the Servian? He fights now *with* Austria, but *for* his own cause, *for* Austria he would scarcely draw the sword; — but to our landscape. Along the green banks of the Danube we see far over the Tcshaikist land, even into the Bannat, we see where the Theiss mingles its muddy waters near Titel with those of the Danube; and in all directions, in despite of war and bloodshed, green corn-fields and flourishing vineyards. True, that distance hides many a trampled crop and ruined village.

To the left, however, the enemy closes in the prospect with the proud Magyar citadel of Peterwaradin. Whispered rumours circulate in the camp of the strength of her garrison, the amount of her stores, of the charged mines and secret passages for sally and escape which perforate the rock beneath. With the telescope we can distinguish the Hungarian tricolour on her flag-staff.

It is dark, and the hour of Servian festivity arrives. A gipsy urchin, the body-servant of my comrade, builds up our kitchen with two stones; his brown cheeks are the bellows, and his eyes look as if they had lit the fire, in the ashes of which he prepares to roast young ears of maize.

Among the tents. — Here is life! They are dancing the Kolo — the Servian national dance.

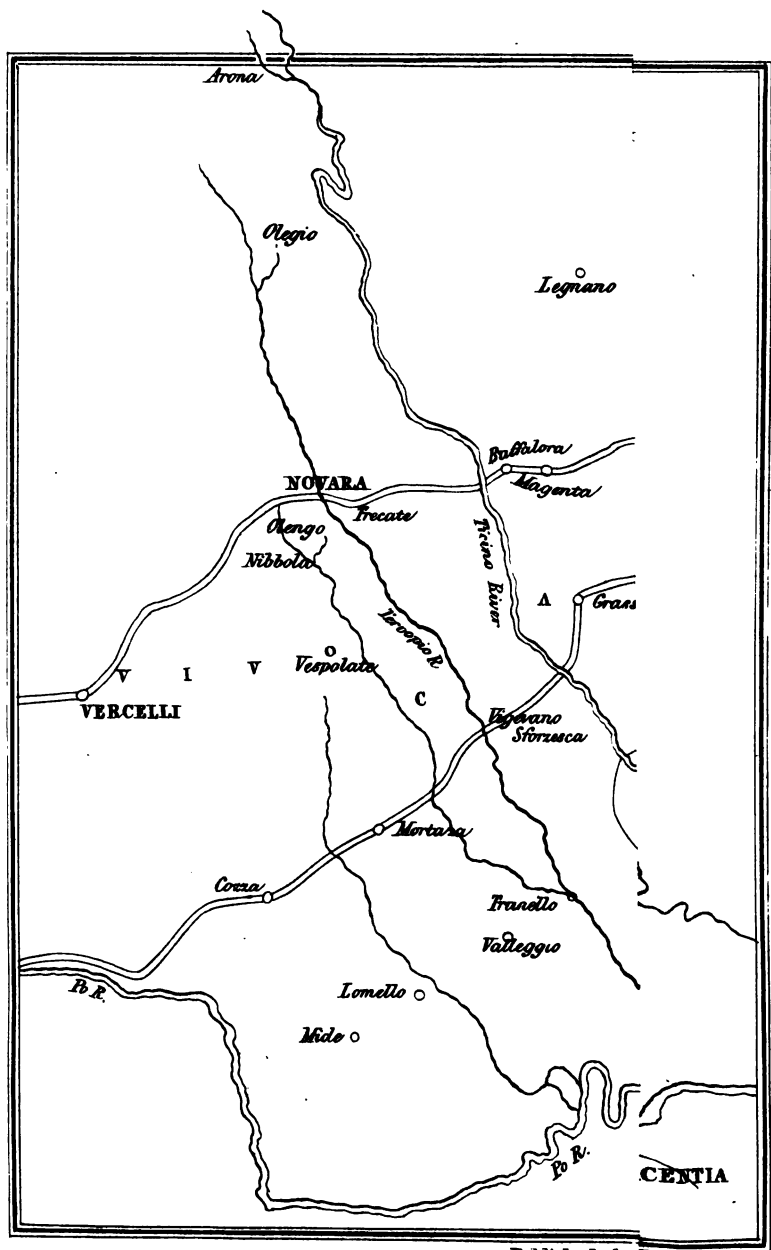
The dancers are of the Landsturm of Syrmia, men who take the field with pikes and scythes. A company of red caps has formed close circle round a genius with a horsecloth on his shoulders and a foxskin cap on his head, the Czaus or Budala (*Anglicè*, buffoon), an indispensable figure in every Syrmian festivity. He is mimicking the dignified clergy, and singing parodies of Litanies of the Greek Church. A party of older soldiers and graver men is passing round the flask of black and fiery Carlowitz wine, and singing the insurrectionary hymn, "Ustan, ustan, Subline." "To arms, ye Servians!" the burthen of which song is "We will play skittles with Hungarian skulls." And yet these men, take them as comrades, friends, or mere acquaintance, are as trustworthy and good-humoured as any people on earth; and even amid the licence of the camp, their manners would not lose by comparison with those of our best German troops. In Germany, however, the varnish is laid on by the Government: here every one paints for himself, and the effect is sometimes grotesque.—Here is a troop of our friends the red-mantles. We compliment the Arambassa on the size and splendour of his huge silver watch. He smirks mysteriously, and recounts, well pleased, its history. "It

is from Vienna. I walked into a shop, and found nothing but a parcel of yellow things, of no size or account. I crammed them into my haversack, and came away in ill humour. Then comes up a comrade who had had better luck. I offered him all my small yellow things for this. He refused at first ; but I threw a zwanziger into the bargain, and here it is." Well done, my Arambassa. Fight with Austria, against Hungary, for yourself, and plunder both.

The tattoo is beat. There is silence in the camp, and darkness on the landscape. - Only far on the horizon towards the Bannat the heavens are red in two quarters. Is it the northern lights? No. In the land of the Danube such lights may now be seen every night in any direction, north or south.

THE END.

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